HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLI.—No. 2124.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

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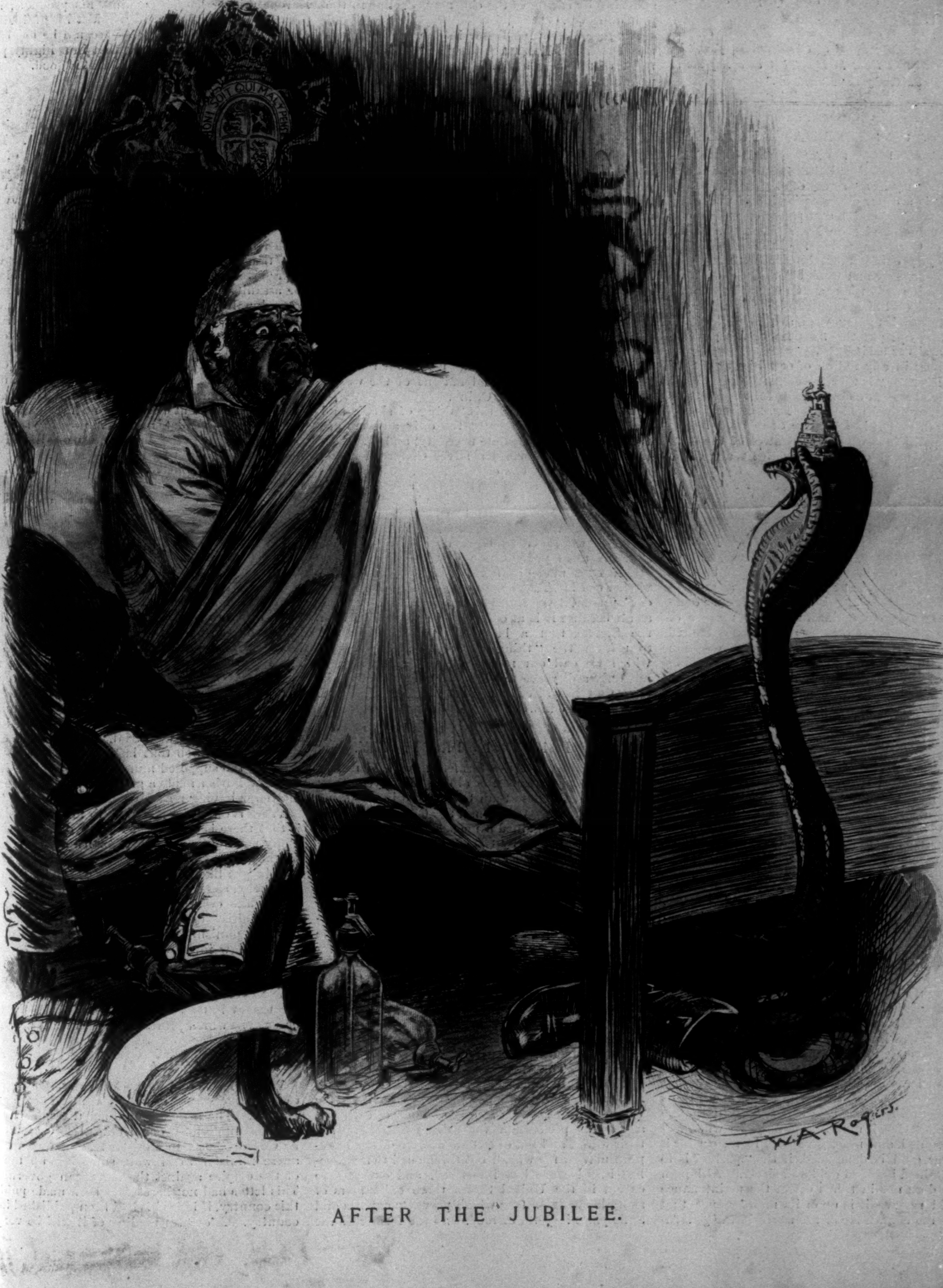

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
W. A. Rogers.

AFTER THE JUBILEE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

New York City, September 4, 1897.

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy.—$4 00 a Year, in Advance.
Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.
New York City: Franklin Square.
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Attention is called to Mr. William Watson's copyrighted poem, entitled "The Unknown God," on page 883 of the present issue of the Weekly. *This poem is especially interesting not only as admirable poetry and a noble embodiment of the so-called "logia" of Christ recently found by Messrs. Grenfel and Hunt in Egypt, but as a response to Mr. Kipling's Jubilee hymn "Recessional."*

A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES.

In his address before the American Bankers' Association Comptroller Eckels characterized our present currency as a "thing of shreds and patches." This is a better characterization of the heterogeneous mass of metal and paper of which our money is constituted than Mr. McKinley's in his message to Congress asking for the authorization of a monetary commission. Mr. McKinley considers our currency as sound, but at the same time admits that it needs reform. Of course no money system based on law is sound so long as under the law an unsound-money man at the head of the government can put the finances of the government on a silver basis.

"Nowhere in any nation of equal importance," said Mr. Eckels, "is there to be found a currency and financial system so inadequate for the purposes to be accomplished as here." Mr. Eckels is perfectly right, and it is a matter of supreme regret that the politicians who have control of the legislative department of the government are either unable to see the truth, or are perfectly willing, even anxious, to see the government forced to a silver basis.

Under the law the country has seven kinds of paper, all but the silver certificates being full legal tender for all debts, public and private. In order that all this currency, both gold and silver, and the representatives of gold and silver, shall be kept "at a parity," the Treasury is made a money-changing establishment. Policy and practice compel the Secretary to maintain a gold reserve of $100,000,000, ostensibly for the redemption of United States notes, or greenbacks, the actual redemption of which the law forbids. Instead of protecting this reserve by law, Congress has created and is maintaining a threatening enemy in the form of demand notes. The declared policy of the government to maintain the two metals, gold and silver, "at a parity with each other" is an element of weakness in the Treasury, because by reason of it the Secretary feels that he is obliged to redeem in gold not only the greenbacks, but the Treasury notes of 1890, and even the silver certificates, whenever gold is demanded in exchange for them. Whenever the rate of exchange makes the export of gold profitable, the government's paper is used for the purpose of deplenishing the government's holdings of gold. If the currency so employed is needed by the regular and legitimate business interests of the country, those interests must go without it or pay a premium for it. In 1893 business men were more than once obliged to pay a premium for the currency which they needed to meet their weekly pay-rolls. Besides the greenbacks and the Treasury notes which expose the government's gold to constant assault, the laws had compelled, by November 1, 1896, the coinage of $436,552,141 in silver dollars, of which only $58,190,802 was in circulation.

The Treasury, regarded as a bank, is clearly a most impotent establishment. It is true that it can compel the circulation of all its paper except the silver certificates, and it must receive all its paper, including the silver certificates, for public dues. Moreover, it must accept its paper whenever it is presented, and must give gold in return for it whenever gold is demanded, if the "parity" is to be maintained between gold and silver. Although the law does not in terms direct the maintenance of a gold reserve, it is upon its maintenance that depends the confidence of the world in the government's ability to remain a gold-standard country. Every other national bank in the world can check the outflow of gold by raising the rate of discount; and although it be true that when the United States government reissues a greenback it receives value for it, it is also true that it cannot diminish its debt by redemption of its demand paper: and it is furthermore true that the demands against its reserve are so great that its stock of gold is at the mercy of all the world. It is also true that the demands against the Treasury gold weaken public confidence in the government's ability to maintain the gold standard. It was this lack of confidence, as Mr. Eckels pointed out, which occasioned the disturbances of 1893, and which, coupled with the fact that the expenditures of the government exceeded the public revenues, compelled the increase of the public debt. Without that increase of the debt the government would have been obliged to redeem its paper in silver, and we should now have been on a silver basis, suffering as Mexico is suffering by reason of the enormous decline in the price of silver.

Another important factor in our currency system which Mr. Eckels pointed out is our treatment of the only banks of issue which our laws permit. These banks are supposed to furnish currency to meet the requirements of business; but having given them the authority to issue notes, and having driven out of existence all possible private competition by taxation, Congress makes the circulation of the national banks so little profitable, both by taxation and by maintaining a competing paper circulation issued by the Treasury, that instead of increasing with the growing demands of the business of the country, the national-bank circulation has actually diminished.

Under the laws, therefore, as they exist, our standard of value is always at the mercy of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury. By reason of the existence of the government's demand paper, not only may our gold be taken from the Treasury, but a silver administration may, by paying out silver for paper and refusing to replenish the wasted stock of gold, place the government upon a silver basis, and range us, in our relations with the great commercial nations of the world, with Mexico, India, and China.

To the demand that this "thing of shreds and patches" shall be reformed the only answers are that there is no immediate necessity, and that even if the laws be reformed a silver Congress, if one should be elected, can change them. The first reply is, as *Puck* suggests, like the refusal of the man to mend his leaky roof in pleasant weather because it does not need it then. The second reply is not worth considering. Its logical consequence would be to leave us entirely without law. A mere presentation of the facts, such as Mr. Eckels made in his address, ought to convince even Mr. Reed, who believes that the House of Representatives should not undertake any work at all because it is at odds on every question with the Senate, that a beginning should be made to reform the "thing of shreds and patches" which we call our money system, and which is not only a disgrace to us, but an element of weakness that has already caused much distress and may yet cause more.

THE FARMER IN PROSPERITY.

Since January 1 the farmers have sold nearly $100,000,000 in breadstuffs alone. Last year they had disposed of less than $84,000,000 in the same period, and in 1895 less than $65,000,000. In two years they have gained a market in this single line of products larger by $35,000,000—a most handsome dividend to the agricultural interest. In the face of such an increase in gain, of a continued and even strengthening demand for their wheat, corn, and flour, it is not surprising to read of a "better feeling" in the country districts, of prompt payment of rent and interest, and of reduction in the amount of farm mortgages. This good feeling is reflected in many ways, and in no one more strongly than in rising markets and a stronger demand for the comforts of life.

Let not the farmer be deceived as to the cause of his prosperity. He has for some years been producing wheat in competition with countries which had equal facilities for growing and greater ability to export. The American farmer has looked upon Europe as his market; but Russia, India, and Argentina, having almost unlimited territory for wheat-growing, a vast supply of labor at call, and a surplus production for sale, pushed forward their wares, and not only took a share of the European market for wheat, but threatened to monopolize it. Nature has interfered, and everywhere except in the United States there exist fears of short harvests—a fear which prevents exports and anticipates imports of food. So the farmer of the United States is in the advantageous position of a seller disposing of his goods in a market where many buyers are competing against one another, and in consequence the prices rise. He is selling grain to England and to Argentina, to Japan and to British India. This is the only explanation to be given of the "dividend" now paid to the farmer.

Yet there are some who would have him believe the new tariff duties on imported breadstuffs are the cause of the betterment. No duty on an article where the export is many times the import has, or can have, any influence other than one of restriction. No farmer of the land ever sold a bushel of corn or of wheat for a better price because of the tariff on these grains, and no one ever bought more grain because of these duties. They are obstacles to trade, not encouragements to production or consumption. To-day the American wheat-grower enjoys his market at home and abroad. But before another year has passed he may find Europe raising barriers against his products, imposing duties discriminating against his grain, and excluding his meat products—because he has been induced to accept the theory that in a highly protective tariff is to be found all that is good.

FURTHER BARBARISMS.

The stories of lynchings continue to constitute an important feature of the news of the day. Barbarism seems to be prevalent in all parts of the country. It is certainly not confined to the South; nor is the offence for the punishment of which the mob has been murdering its victims always what some of the defenders of lynching denominate the "crime against the hearth-stone." So long as the whites of the South pleaded in defence of their murders that they were punishing, in the only way impressive to the negro imagination, savage blacks for assaults on white women, there was a seeming exception in some minds to the general rule of civilization that a community ought to be ruled by law and not by passion. But some recent cases indicate that the general spirit of mob murder is abroad. A few days ago the farmers of Cook County, Illinois, killed a white tramp for an assault on a woman. It is true that it was still a case of assault; but there was no race passion in the case, no immediate need of impressing so-called savage imaginations and repressing so-called savage instincts. It ought to have been presumed that the law and the courts were sufficient for the punishment of this villain. We have also the news of the turning out of a whole community in Michigan with the avowed intent of lynching the bank-robbers who had murdered a cashier. We have had a mob in Albany pursuing with murderous intent a kidnapper who was in the hands of the police. We hear from Georgia of the brutal killing of a drunken negro, who had not outraged a white woman, but who had killed a black woman in an effort to shoot his own wife. Nor is all the killing done because the administration of the law has failed, for we learn that in Kentucky a mob has taken from prison and hanged a white man who had been convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years.

Finally, as if in grim irony of all this hand-to-mouth justice, this contempt for delay and investigation and for regular trial, it is discovered that the Louisiana mob that last year killed two Italians for the supposed murder of a Spaniard in St. Charles Parish made a grievous mistake, the real murderer having recently confessed.

There is only one meaning to all this, and that is that there is no respect for the criminal law in many parts of the country, North and South. And we may rest assured that while we have Governors and judges like him of West Virginia and him of Kentucky, respect for the law will diminish; and that while criminals continue to enjoy so many opportunities to escape not only immediate but ultimate punishment, the temptation to the mob to take the law into its own hands in cases arousing popular passion will be very great. And in this phase of the subject it becomes the duty of lawyers to reflect deeply as to their own responsibility, both for the evils that the law permits and for those other evils which professional acumen has created.

JAPAN AND HAWAII.

In the last issue of the Weekly there appeared a full abstract of Japan's grievance against Hawaii. The article contained the substance, including quotations, of an official letter addressed by Count Okuma to Minister Shimamura, the Japanese minister to Hawaii, summing up the case of the empire against the Hawaiian government. This letter had not heretofore been made public in this country, if indeed it had been published in any country. A careful reading of it will be very enlightening on a subject that is intimately related to the question involved in the annexation treaty between the United States and Hawaii now pending in the Senate.

It will be recalled that the main reason offered by the annexationists for violating this government's pledge to Japan and hastening the annexation project was that Japan was invading Hawaii with the intent of overrunning the islands and making them a dependency of the Japanese Empire. Count **Okuma**'s letter must convince impartial readers that Japan has a real grievance against Hawaii, arising from the deliberate violation by the Hawaiian government of its treaty obligations to Japan, and of the rights of Japanese citizens, who, under treaty stipulations, have as much right to residence and protection in Hawaii as the Hawaiians themselves. The letter is a temperate presentation of what is apparently a just claim, and we commend it to the careful reading of those of our citizens who have not already made up their minds to take sides against Japan for the purpose of furthering the project of annexation. In the light of it there is something grotesque in the accusations against Japan—or at least it would be grotesque if it were not apparent that the annexationists are so intent on carrying out their scheme that they are willing, for the purpose of accomplishing their end, to risk even war by misrepresenting a friendly nation.

PRESIDENT FAURE IN RUSSIA.

The break-down of the show-ship which was to escort the President of the French Republic to Russia produced a commotion in France apparently altogether disproportionate to its cause. It was, however, a national mortification that a French man-of-war should have been ignominiously disabled at the moment when the eyes of all Europe might be supposed to be upon her. But behind this irritation there was a very general feeling in France that the visit of the President to the Czar was politically a piece of superfluous nonsense, actuated not by patriotism, but by personal vanity. The break-down of the *Bruix* was especially resented, because it seemed to Frenchmen that the President was making France ridiculous. And making France ridiculous is the one thing which Frenchmen will not stand in their rulers.

The visit itself seems to have gone off very well. All the accounts agree that the popular reception of the President in St. Petersburg was far more cordial than had been that of the Kaiser. The inference has been drawn on this side that that was because the street mob of St. Petersburg was inspired by republican sentiments. But that is a very far-fetched conjecture. It is only a small minority of educated Russians which finds the political institutions of the country burdensome or conceives of any form of government less oppressive. This minority finds that the practical way of expressing republican sentiments in Russia is not by cheering presidents of republics, but by exploding dynamite under officials. The cordiality of President **Faure**'s reception, compared with that of the Kaiser, is more likely to mean that a great part of the Russian people detest their neighbors the Prussians, while they are friendly to the French, about whom they know much less. And they also know with what cordiality the Russians have been received in Paris on more than one occasion.

Politically the visit has not been a failure, and it may fairly be said that it has been a success. The French press scarcely concealed its chagrin on the first day or two of the visit, that the Czar had not been persuaded to utter the word "alliance," or any synonym of the same. But for this he made ample amends on the last day, when, at the luncheon on board the French man-of-war, he spoke of "our two nations, friends and allies," and gave the cue to the Russian people. The cue was promptly taken by the Russian fleet, which resounded with cries of "Vive l'Alliance!" as the French squadron proceeded to sea. As European politics go this is a substantial gain for France, or at least it will be so regarded in France itself. It is the one substantial result of M. **Faure**'s visit.

Nobody can blame France or Frenchmen for making every honorable and dignified effort to secure an alliance with Russia. Without some powerful support the league of her enemies would suffice to overwhelm her. She will not renounce her enmity to Germany while Germany holds the "Reichsland," and Austria and Italy are engaged with Germany in an alliance about which there is no question. Her isolation is no doubt perilous. But, on the other hand, nothing but necessity would reconcile the French people to an alliance with Russia, which even its necessity cannot make popular. France is in fact as well as in name republican, and a union with Russia is a most unnatural alliance. So that the opposition to the President's making pseudo-royal visits and taking quasi-imperial airs is very general and bitter. Moreover, there is not the excuse for the President's visiting the Czar that there is for the President's receiving the Czar—that it is "good for business." That is an excuse that Paris is willing to accept for almost anything, but her disgust with the visit of the President to the Czar is not at all relieved by the fact that it stimulates trade in St. Petersburg.

THE NEGRO IN POLITICS.

Emancipation has brought to the colored people of the United States, with its blessings, also many disappointments. It was very natural that those who had been born and grew up in slavery should, when they heard the word "freedom" pronounced, have pictured to themselves with their naïve imagination something very like the life of their masters, which was to them a subject of constant admiration and envy. When emancipation came, freedom struck them, after the first paroxysm of joy was over, in the shape of burdensome responsibilities. For the first time in their lives they were confronted by the stern necessity of taking care of themselves, and this, too, surrounded by a white population which, immediately after the civil war, was exasperated by its defeats and losses, and harassed by its own wants, and therefore by no means in a state of mind to take kindly to the new order of things, and to help the negro over the first bewilderments of his free state. Many of the negroes of the South had then to suffer much for their liberty, which brought to them persecutions and struggles for life unknown to their former condition. Then came the endowment of the former slaves with the right of suffrage, and with it dreams of power, which were artfully stimulated and turned to their own personal advantage by the more unscrupulous of their white leaders. The scandals of the so-called carpet-bag governments during this reconstruction period could not fail to provoke a sweeping reaction, and then the negroes found themselves thrown upon their own resources, face to face with their white neighbors, who, greatly their superiors in intelligence, wealth, and energy, compassed and maintained, sometimes by very high-handed means, their ascendency over the blacks even in those States in which these were largely in the majority. At the same time the efforts to establish the negroes by law in their social position on a footing of equality with the whites—efforts made partly by colored men themselves, partly by white philanthropists—met with exceedingly slim success. The privileges that were conceded to them here and there remained confined to matters of comparatively small moment, while, on the whole, in spite of their advance in education as well as in the possession of property, they continued to be treated as an inferior race. Even those persons of color who have distinguished themselves by extraordinary cleverness have so far rather been looked upon as curiosities, instead of being generally recognized as entitled to that social position which, did they belong to the white race, would be readily yielded to them as their due.

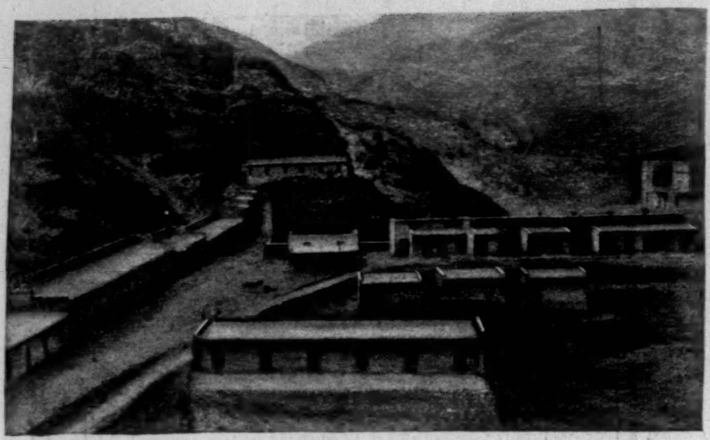
Their ambitions, that had naturally been excited by emancipation, having thus been foiled on the social field by the stubborn resistance of race feeling on the part of the whites—a resistance, perhaps, not now as general or as virulent as it was a quarter of a century ago, but still positive and obstinate enough to forbid all hope of its disappearance in the near future—it is not surprising that the negroes should wish to make that power on the political field, which they exercise through the ballot, tell to the utmost for their benefit. It would be too much to expect that they should do so with great discretion. Like other classes of citizens who are in one way or another different from the rest and form a distinct force in politics, which may be of more or less use to this or that political party, the negro politicians demand "recognition for the colored vote" wherever that vote appears to have contributed to party success. This is by no means extraordinary, and it would be unjust to reproach them for it more than we reproach the patronage hunters who demand recognition for the Irish vote or the German vote or the Norwegian vote. On the contrary, the colored people are, on account of their scanty opportunities and of the peculiar difficulties they have to contend with, entitled to far more lenient judgment.

But owing to the race feeling against them they are as politicians laboring under disadvantages of a serious nature. When organizing for political action and the eventual attainment of political reward in the shape of public employment, they are apt to fall under a leadership which may not be, morally and intellectually, very much inferior to that representing and guiding other organizations of spoils politicians, but which usually, although sometimes unjustly, strikes the general public as much less deserving of respect. The colored politician, unless he be a man of acknowledged ability and character, ordinarily fails to be taken seriously. When pressing his "claims" for recognition with energy, he produces not seldom the impression of a droll forwardness, which is calculated very greatly to weaken the influence which he otherwise might possess. Worse still is the inclination now and then shown by negro leaders or clubs of colored voters to compel attention to their wishes by the threat that unless the "claims" of the colored vote be sufficiently recognized by the party which they have supported, that vote will be transferred to the other side. Such threats cannot but strengthen the apprehension already widely entertained that the colored vote is, or at least is apt to become, a generally venal vote. The more this apprehension grows into an accepted belief with party managers, and the more it is acted upon by them, the more will the colored citizens as a class be regarded and treated as a band of mere mercenaries in politics, and the more demoralized and degraded will the negro politicians and the great body of colored voters inevitably become. It is, therefore, as to their character and the respectability of their standing, of the highest importance to them that their political leaders should not be mere spoils-hunters or patronage-mongers, but men of principle, genuine public spirit, and true self-respect. At the same time, it must be admitted that so long as spoils-hunting and patronage-mongering play a great part in politics, there is no class of voters more apt than the colored people to fall under the influence of persons who promise them the distinction of public employment with good pay for easy work, or for no work at all, as the prize of political activity.

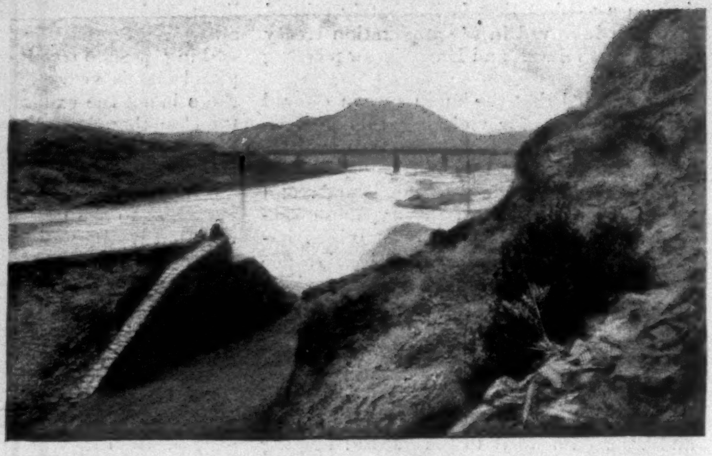
Although the time when the rights and welfare of the colored race were especially cared for, not only by hosts of philanthropists, but also by one of the great political parties, has passed away with the abolition of slavery and the reconstruction period, the negro does not by any means lack sincere and solicitous friends among the white people. Those friends have perhaps become somewhat sober and discriminating, but they are none the less earnest and faithful. They generally believe that the social and political advancement of the colored race cannot be accomplished by legal enactments or in other ways by rapid strides, but by gradual development, and especially by judicious and steady efforts on the part of the colored people themselves. While they observe with the warmest satisfaction that not a few colored men in public office have acquitted themselves with great credit, and that, even in the South, the prejudice against colored persons holding public place has somewhat abated, and while they recognize that under the Constitution the right of the black citizen as to holding office is in no way inferior to that of the white citizen, yet they have to admit that so far the negro in politics has, in point of success, not come up to the expectations of the colored race, and that especially the pursuit of public employment or station by negro politicians has, as a rule, not served to raise the colored people in the esteem of their white fellow-citizens, but that, on the contrary, the manner in which that pursuit has frequently been carried on has made the negro vote an object of increasing distrust and dread as to the uses that may be made of it.

On the whole, the wiser heads among the colored people themselves can hardly fail to see that their political preferment must not precede but follow their advancement in the other walks of life. A goodly number of negroes achieving distinction as lawyers, or as physicians, or as ministers, or as educators, or as business men, will, by the impression produced upon public opinion, effect far more for the political advancement of their race than ever so many negro politicians getting themselves elected to Congress or appointed to other offices, and infinitely more than the horde of colored place-hunters who besiege party committees for "influence" or appointing-officers for favors in the name of the colored vote, and who thus intensify the repulsiveness of one of the most baneful features of our political life. In this respect nothing more helpful can happen to the colored people than that all the government employments be put under civil service rules, so that every colored citizen who gets an appointment be known to have obtained it on account of his own individual merit, in free competition on an equal footing with other citizens, white or black, and that he is therefore fairly and honorably entitled to it. Places so won will indeed be marks of real proficiency and distinction, and raise the colored people in that public esteem which above all things they need.

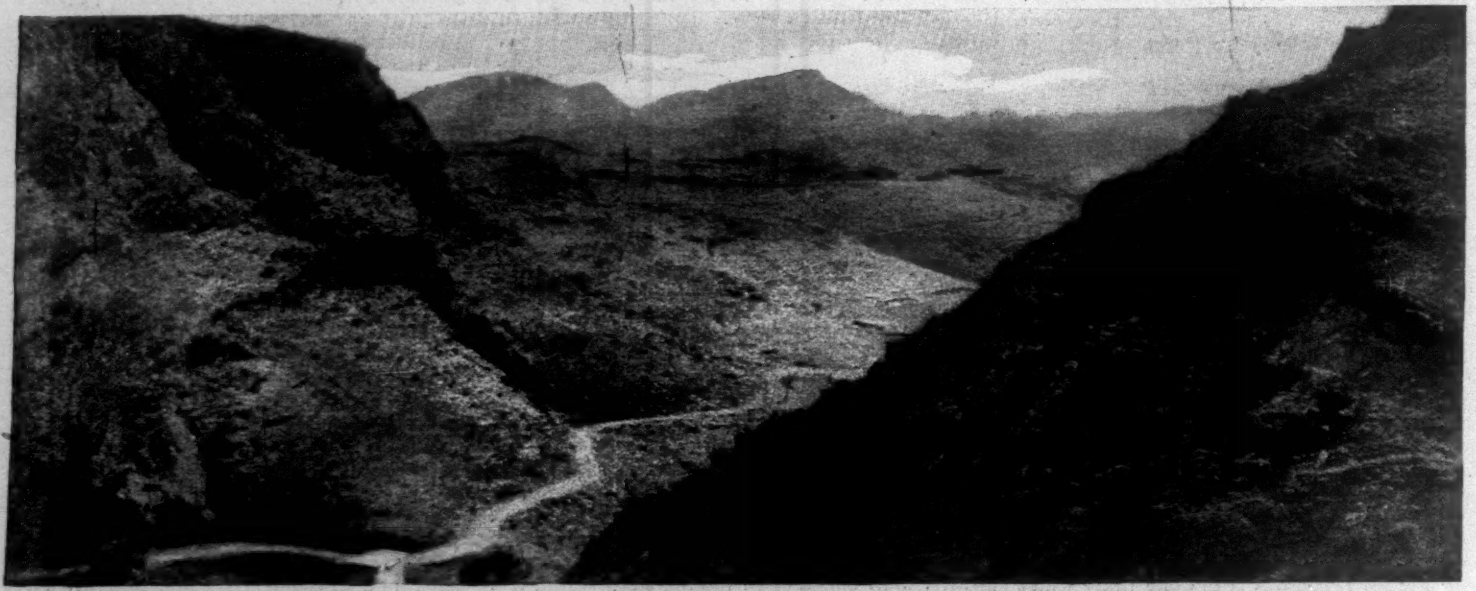
Carl Schurz.



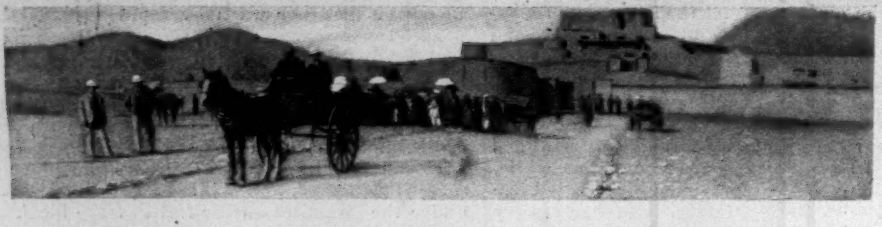
BRITISH FORT ALI-MUSJID, CAPTURED AND BURNED BY THE AFRIDIS.
The Fort is midway in the Pass, and had a native Garrison, which evacuated August 23.



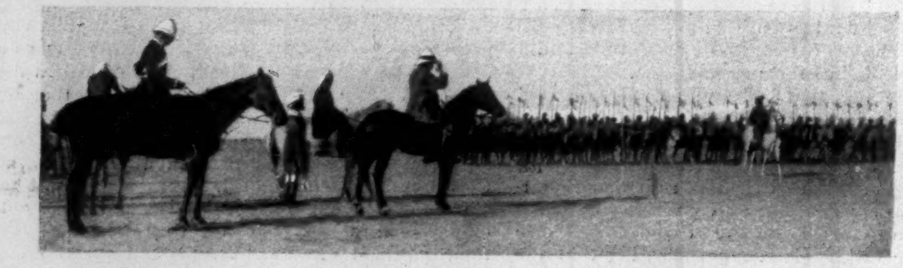
RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER INDUS, NEAR ATTOCK.
Showing Barrier extending to Forts on Hills to guard the Approach to the Railway.



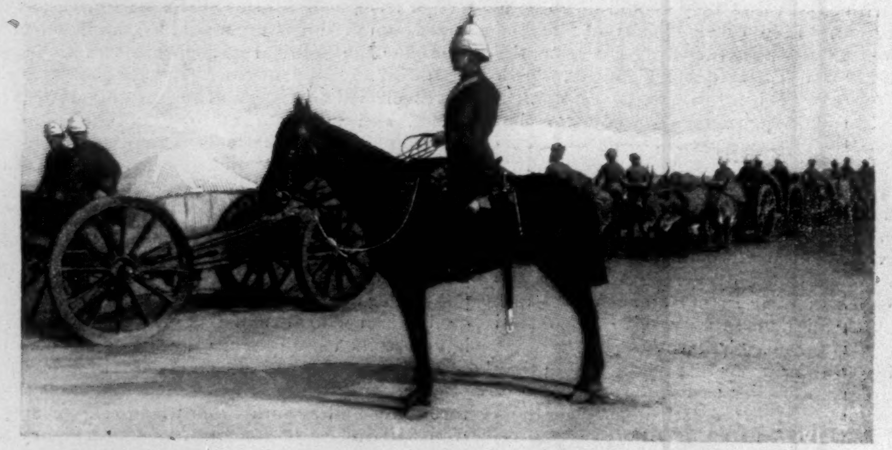
VIEW OF THE GREAT KHYBER PASS BETWEEN AFGHANISTAN AND INDIA, SEIZED BY THE AFRIDIS AUGUST 24-27.
Taken from the Walls of Fort Ali-Musjid, looking towards India.



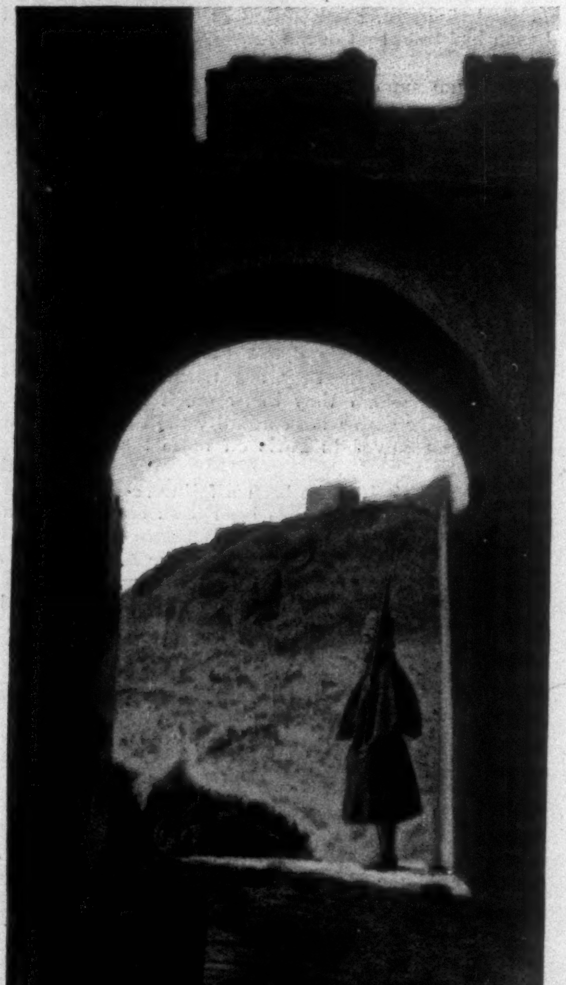
FORT JAMRUD, NEAR THE OUTER APPROACH TO KHYBER PASS.
A Party preparing to accompany a Caravan under Escort part of the Way through the Pass.



SIR DENNIS FITZPATRICK AND THE MAHARAJAH REVIEWING THE NATIVE TROOPS.

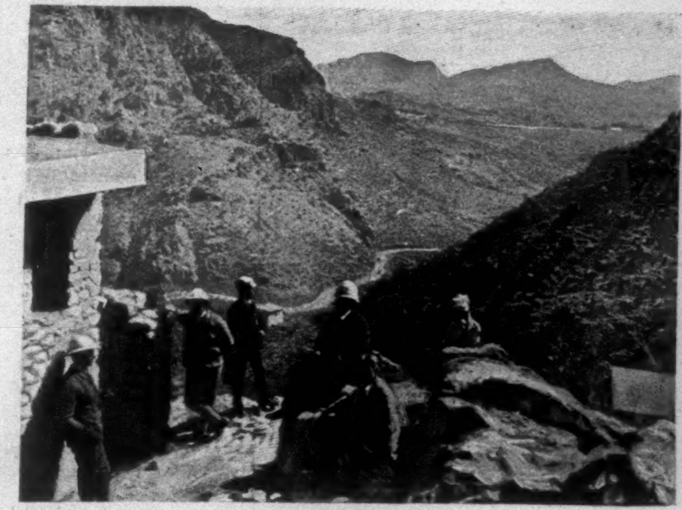


A BRITISH BATTERY OF ARTILLERY USED ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

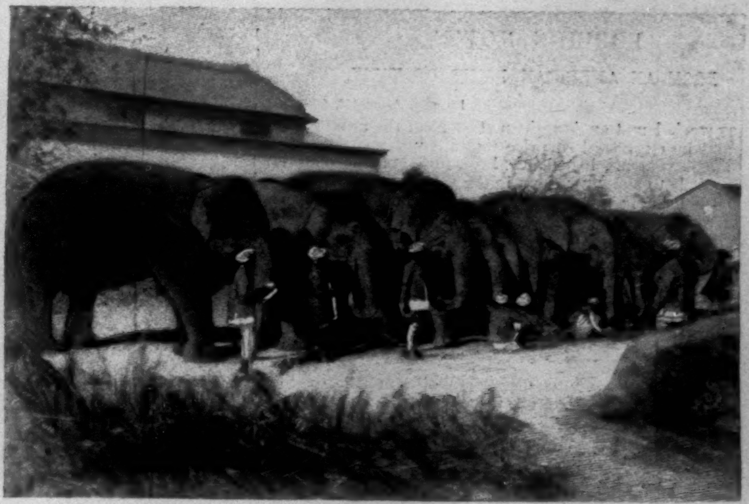


A SEPOY SENTINEL AT FORT ALI-MUSJID.

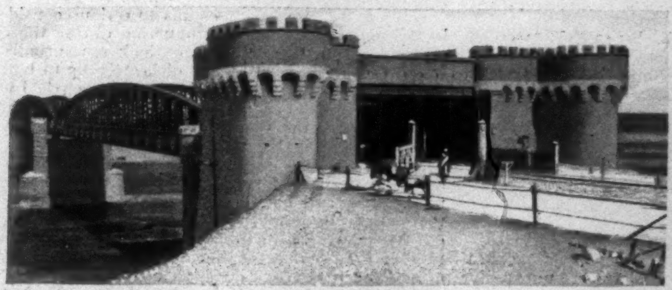
THE TROUBLES IN NORTHERN INDIA—KHYBER PASS, CAPTURED BY THE REVOLTING AFRIDIS, AND ITS VICINITY.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON AND OTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 886.]



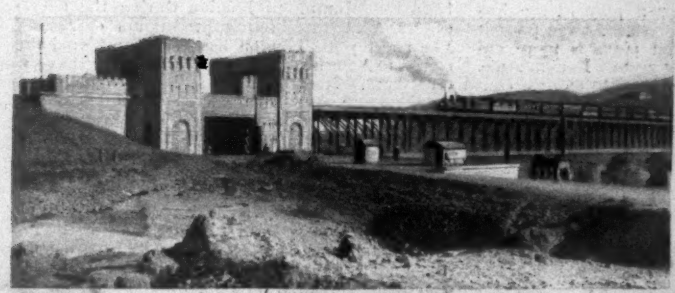
A CORNER OF THE CAPTURED FORT ALI-MUSJID.



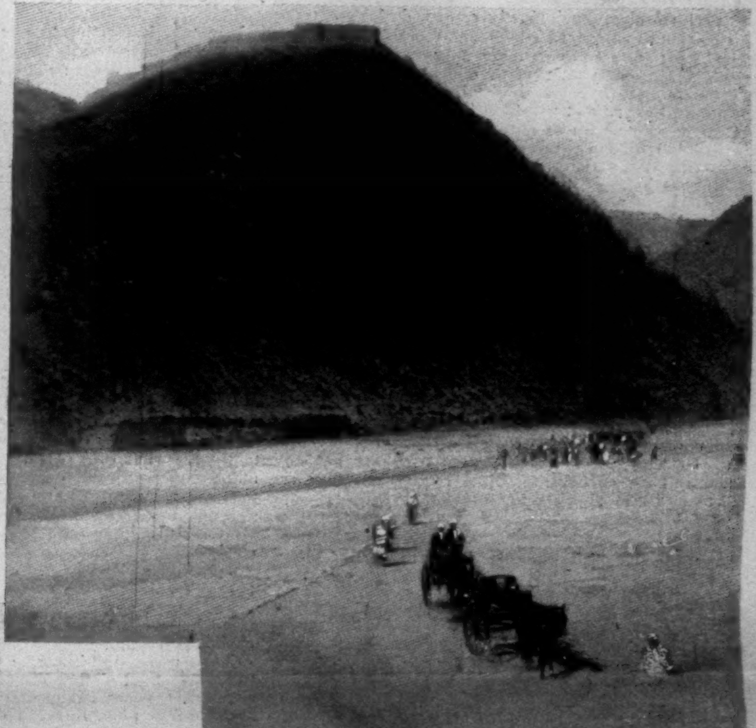
FEEDING THE ELEPHANTS OF THE HEAVY ARTILLERY.



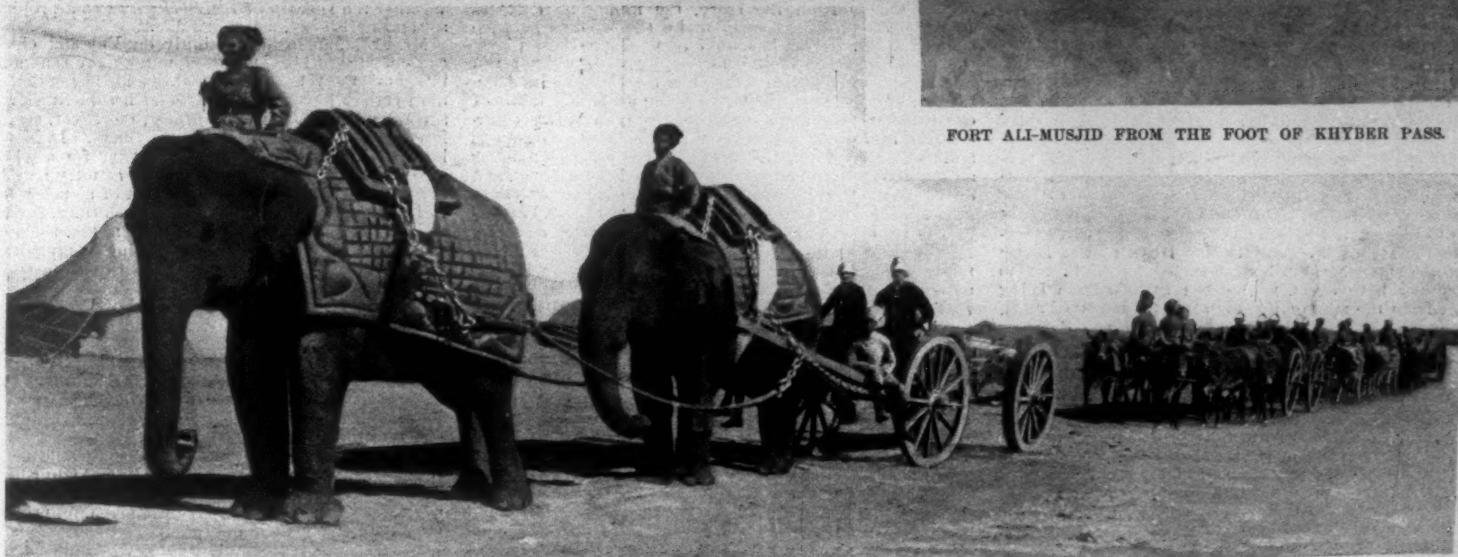
FORTIFIED BRIDGE OF THE NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY OVER THE INDUS AT SUKKUR.



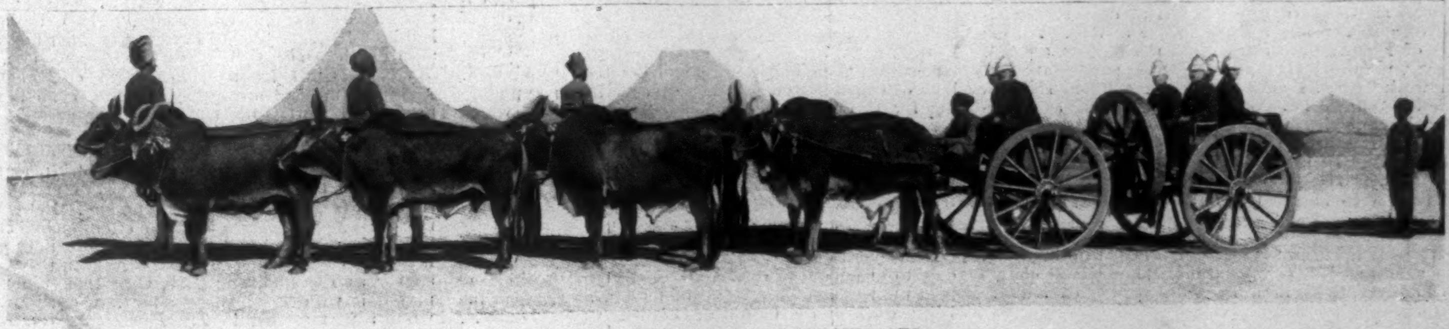
FORTIFIED BRIDGE OF THE NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY OVER THE INDUS NEAR ATTOCK.



FORT ALI-MUSJID FROM THE FOOT OF KHYBER PASS.



A FRONTIER ELEPHANT BATTERY OF HEAVY ARTILLERY AT THE CAMP AT CAMPBELLPORE, NEAR ATTOCK.



BATTERY CAISSONS DRAWN BY BULLOCKS.

THE TROUBLES IN NORTHERN INDIA—KHYBER PASS, CAPTURED BY THE REVOLTING AFRIDIS, AND ITS VICINITY.

From Photographs by W. H. Jackson.—[See Page 886.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

Berlin, *August 8, 1897.*

Last week I met an American student at the university here, and he expressed surprise that a country so famous for its achievements in science, literature, and art should have so little to show for them in the way of public monuments—at least in the capital. So we took a walk, with a view to helping our friend Laurence Hutton, should he be inclined to add another volume to his *Literary Landmarks.*

It is certainly remarkable, to such of us as are disposed to think republics ungrateful, that in this capital of Prussia such great Germans as Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing, that country's greatest three poets, received no monuments until after Germany became an empire. So much for the three men of letters whose names are glorious the world over as apostles of German civilization.

It was only two years ago that Martin Luther received a monument at the centre of this Protestant monarchy—a fact the more incomprehensible seeing that the last four kings of Prussia were God-fearing men, not to say pietists. Aside from Luther, I cannot recall the effigy of any great Protestant reformer or theologian in Berlin. Melanchthon, Zwingli, John Huss—none of these is here, whither so many Protestants fled for security in the days of Roman persecution.

The Berlin University is justly esteemed the greatest seat of learning in the father-land, not merely because it is at the capital, and consequently affords special inducements to ambitious young men, but because from its foundation in 1810 it has included in its faculty a large proportion of the greatest names in German science.

There is a statue here to Humboldt, the explorer, and a bust in honor of a philosopher named Hegel, who was so busy with books that the battle of Jena thundered about him unobserved in October of 1806. Even these two men did not receive their monuments until Prussia became head of the German Empire.

My musical friends would be still more distressed. We come to Germany as to the land of song, where composers have achieved the widest fame, and might justly claim some reward from a grateful posterity. Beethoven, Wagner, Schubert, Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mendelssohn—these occur to me spontaneously as part of the grand procession of musicians who have laid the world under obligations. Berlin has not a monument to any of these. If we seek the glorification of such men we must travel to Italy or Austria or France. Literature, science, song—these are as little recognized by official Berlin as in Pretoria or Peking. Germany has her national heroes, whom the people ardently love, and who of course require no stone or bronze to assist in keeping their memory alive. Every German American honors the name of Jahn, who organized in Berlin the first German gymnastic societies; who led his volunteers to war against Napoleon in 1813; who preached German nationality when it was the fashion to imitate the speech and dress of other countries; who went to prison at the command of a king whose throne he had propped with heroic energy. This great "Turnvater Jahn" has a monument in a neglected corner of an obscure portion of waste-land outside the walls of Berlin. Patriotic Germans from every State of our Union, as well as from Asia, Africa, and South America, contributed to its erection in 1872—no thanks to the German government of the day. Berlin has no monument to the author of "The Watch on the Rhine," or Arndt, who wrote "Was ist das Deutsche Vaterland?" The two great poets of German liberty, Uhland and Körner, have no monuments, though Körner died in battle against Napoleon, and his heart's blood saturated the page on which he wrote that grandest of battle hymns, "Vater, ich rufe Dich."

Judging by monuments alone, the stranger might conclude that Germany was not a nursery of statesmen. The American familiar with the municipal decoration of New York and Washington, not to mention London, naturally learns to respect those who have given a life to the service of the state. The only tribute I can find in Berlin to German statesmanship is represented by the bronze to the popular hero Stein, who saved Prussia from being effaced from the map of Europe after the battle of Jena. Stein was dismissed with indignity from the Prussian service, and it was not till 1875 that the citizens of Berlin, without government assistance, were permitted to honor this greatest of German statesmen. He represented popular liberties, and for that reason he was regarded by the Prussian king and his court as a revolutionary character.

It would be difficult to name more than half a dozen great German citizens or civilians who to-day are honored by statues in Berlin; and of these half-dozen not one was there when the Franco-Prussian war broke out in 1870.

The explanation of this strange state of things is not to be found in the indifference of Germans to their great men, but to a Prussian habit of passive obedience which has for its formula that the private citizen should leave everything to official initiative.

The great men of Germany, if they are to be sought for in bronze and stone, must be looked at from the standpoint of a soldier, and a Prussian one at that. All the kings of Prussia have magnificent monuments, erected, however, with so little sense of historic perspective that such weak figure-heads as Frederick William III. and Frederick William IV. are made to appear just as important as Frederick the Great. The late Emperor William is apparently greater than Frederick the Great, judged by the amount of bronze he consumes. Berlin has lots of statues glorifying war and successful soldiers. These have been erected at the instigation of the sovereign, and under his personal supervision. The names at the base of these statues are for the most part those of men devoid of any other qualities than those cultivated in the camp. Such names as Blücher, Scharnhorst, and Gneisenau are brilliant exceptions in a long, dreary list of military courtiers.

Berlin is almost as discouraging in its other landmarks of its notable Germans as in its public statues. It is almost as bad as New York, where few houses now stand that were in existence when Franklin and Washington were alive. London is rich in buildings associated with great men, and an American can hardly walk from Westminster to St. Paul's without recalling a dozen names of men whose lives are dear to him. Berlin has, however, been almost built anew since 1870. I can remember whole streets that were different when I was a boy. There are, to be sure, a few instances of memorial plates being affixed to houses where notable Germans have lived, but even in these cases the houses themselves are an uninteresting portion of an uninteresting street. The Prussian kings adored uniformity in street architecture, as well as in the dressing of soldiers, and that may be the reason why to-day the most beautiful streets of Berlin furnish less interest to a stranger than the grimiest alleys of London with their charming diversity of dirty fronts. The houses here are all equally high, equally broad, equally gaudy on the outside, and equally devoid of individuality within. The Anglo-Saxon owns his house, and makes it comfortable for himself and his family. The Prussian lives in an apartment-house, along with perhaps a dozen more families, all of them subject to the petty tyranny of a porter whose duties are dangerously near to those of a police agent. Thus the individual taste of a Berlin artist, writer, actor, or other notable resident finds no expression through his architectural surroundings. A Helmholtz, a Mommsen, a Menzel, or a Virchow is in Berlin as little identified with his house as a soldier with his barracks. This form of living has its conveniences, particularly to a bachelor, but is not conducive to interest in those who seek the literary landmarks of great capitals.

It may be interesting to summarize here the few statues of great German civilians, with the year in which they were erected in Berlin: Schiller, 1870; Goethe, 1880; Lessing, 1890; Jahn, 1872; Stein, 1875; Alexander Humboldt, 1883; Luther, 1895. A German member of Parliament told me lately, with some bitterness, that the unveiling of the greatest of these statues occasioned less official participation than that of the least important of the military ones.

Poultney Bigelow.

THE DRAMA.

The theatrical season in New York opens unusually late this year. The more important plays are held back till autumn, leaving the theatres to the farce-comedies and the melodramas, both of which, even in the warm weather, attract large audiences. Indeed, there is a widespread opinion that the better a play is, the less likely are its chances of popular success. At the present time, however, the outlook for good plays is more encouraging than it has been for many years. For example, only a short time ago our managers used to express contempt for what they called "literary" plays, and a popular dramatist publicly declared that, in his belief, the playwrights of the future were to be drawn not from our authors, but from the "hangers-on" behind the scenes who were familiar with stage *technique*. Since the success during the past two seasons of so many plays either written by novelists or drawn from novels, both dramatist and managers have doubtless changed their minds. At any rate, our authors have found their way into the theatre, and the result cannot fail to raise the standard of dramatic writing.

Among the well-known authors whose new plays are to be presented during the coming season are J. M. Barrie, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and Anthony Hope. Mr. Barrie's play, founded on *The Little Minister*, will depart widely from the story, the humorous episodes being so strengthened as to make the work a genuine comedy. Mr. Barrie has already produced two plays: the first, *Walker, London*, a farce, prospered when given in England by Toole, and failed in this country; and the second, *The Professor's Love Story*, though full of faults of construction, achieved a great success, both in this country and in Europe, through its skilful characterizations and its delightful humor. So Mr. Barrie was able to bring a practised hand to the work of dramatizing his novel, and as the play is to be presented by so charming an actress as Miss Maude Adams, for her début as a "star," it certainly has an exceptional prospect of being well received. Miss Adams is also to create the leading *rôle* in the dramatic version of *Phroso*, made in consultation with the author by Mr. E. E. Rose, who so cleverly adapted *The Prisoner of Zenda* to the stage. *Phroso* is so inferior to its predecessor that it is hardly likely to duplicate its success in the theatre; yet it contains so many dramatic situations and is so permeated with the spirit of romance that it will probably find favor. As for Mrs. Burnett's adaptation of her novel *A Lady of Quality*, made with the assistance of Stephen Townsend, an actor of experience, it ought to make a good melodrama. As a story, for all its faults of exaggeration, it has vividness and movement—qualities that tell strongly on the stage.

Mr. Richard Mansfield, who has steadily endeavored to produce the best plays suited to his talent that he could secure, and whose whole career has been marked by a devotion to the very highest in his art, is shortly to present a stage version of that admirable novel *The First Violin*, by Jessie Fothergill; a dramatization of George Manville Fenn's story *The Master of Ceremonies*, by Miss Mary Edwina Booth; and, most interesting of all, a new play, entitled *The Devil's Disciple*, by George Bernard Shaw, one of the most brilliant of all the recent writers for the stage. Furthermore, it has been announced that two young Americans, Glen Macdonough and Louis Evan Shipman, both of whom have done some clever writing, are preparing for E. H. Sothern a version of *Vanity Fair*, which certainly contains abundant material for the dramatist.

Among the plays from foreign sources we are to have Mr. Pinero's latest work, *The Princess and the Butterfly*, first produced in London last season and received with favor. It is so "literary" in execution, which means that the dialogue is brilliant and the action is quiet, that only a *succès d'estime* has been predicted for it. If it proves to be as clever as *The Benefit of the Doubt*, given last year, it ought to have a long run. Mr. Daniel Frohman will stage it at the Lyceum Theatre, where he will also present the latest work of the promising English writer Louis N. Parker, entitled *'Change Alley*, with Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Virginia Harned in the principal parts. *The Physician*, the new drama by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, will bring back to us Mr. E. S. Willard, who will appear also in several of the other plays which helped to make him popular with American audiences. Of the play conflicting reports have come to this country. Mr. Jones, without being a convincing writer, understands the state of the public, and nearly always pleases it. Even his overwrought *Michael and His Lost Angel*, a vulgarization of the main idea of *The Scarlet Letter*, which failed here two seasons ago, still has enthusiastic defenders.

Of recent works by our own dramatists we have heard very little; but then we have so few dramatists! Bronson Howard long ago lapsed into the silence of the years that precede the first production of one of his plays. He is an example to all writers for the theatre of the patient, thorough workman who never gives anything to the public that has not been polished, as far as lies in his power, toward perfection. It is possible that during the coming season New York will have an opportunity to see Miss Marguerite Merington's strong adaptation from the German drama entitled *The Right to Happiness*, produced with success in the South last winter by Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, and not given here, on account of Mrs. Fiske's success last season in Lorimer Stoddard's dramatization of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. This fine play, by-the-way, which ran for several months in New York, will be given here again early in the present season, and will then be sent through the country, where it will undoubtedly continue its career of success. It deserves to be remembered not only as one of the most moving of human dramas ever seen on our stage, but as the work that first won popular appreciation for an actress of unique genius, who had long been kept from the recognition she deserved.

Many other plays with claims to serious consideration have been announced for production during the coming season, and on the whole the outlook is unusually good. The past few years have been disheartening to both actor and spectator, but there is now in the theatrical world a general feeling of encouragement. Among the pleasantest indications for the future of the American actor is the astonishing revival of the old "stock" system, and the prospect of the decline of "vaudeville," which has driven so many good performers into work that they consider undignified and even degrading. At the present time there are more than twenty-five stock companies throughout the country, presenting a succession of plays and employing a large number of actors. The frequent changes of bill that the system demands not only gives the actor a versatility that he could not otherwise acquire, but it also affords the dramatist increased opportunities for securing a hearing.

Another encouragement to the American actor comes from the triumph in London during the past summer of Mr. William Gillette's production of *Secret Service*. For many years London has been considered practically closed to American players, though a few have won success there. Mr. Gillette and his play and his company, however, are supposed to have swept down all barriers of prejudice, and to have prepared the way for successful invasion of the island by his brother artists. The success of the company was emphasized, at the close of their engagement, by the artistic failure of the English company who continued the performance of the piece.

The condemnation which the English actors received reverberated, of course, to the greater glory of the Americans. So Mr. Charles Frohman has been encouraged to the undertaking of a bold scheme, which is to send to London, by regular system, other American plays and players. Hitherto American actors have seen the English companies come here and win homage and fortune; now they think their turn has arrived. It will be interesting to watch Mr. Frohman's venture in England, and to observe whether the success of *Secret Service* was a prophecy or, as the English say, a mere "fluke."

Mr. Frohman looks longingly on England chiefly because a success there means so much more than a success in America. When a play makes a hit in London it is almost certain to run for a year, and it sometimes runs for several years. A London success, moreover, secures for it a life of several years in the provinces. In New York, however, a successful play rarely runs for a whole season. Its later career throughout the country may be very brief, and it is rarely as long as that of a successful play in England. There are, of course, exceptions, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* being the most notable. Then, too, the long distances to be traversed by travelling companies make theatrical tours far more costly in this country than in England.

Whatever may be the result of Mr. Frohman's career abroad, there is no doubt that during the next few years an increasing number of actors will seek fortune in London. During the past season three American actresses have been so successful there as to attract the attention of two countries; if they had played equally well in New York their fame would never have spread to England. In other words, a theatrical success in London is worth at least twice as much as the same success would be in New York. Before going abroad Miss Julia Arthur had made a reputation here; and even if she had not won several successes with Sir Henry Irving, she might have been chosen to create the title part in *The Lady of Quality*, so perfectly is she suited to it. But when Miss Fay Davis and Miss Julia Opp leaped into fame they had never been known to the American stage. Miss Davis was undoubtedly the most successful actress in London last season. A Boston girl, who had played with the well-known amateur theatrical society of her city, "The Criterion," and had been frequently heard in recitations, her first appearance on the stage took place two seasons ago, in Mr. Wyndham's production of *The Squire of Dames*, as the American millionheiress, in which she made the hit of the piece. During the last season her greatest success has been as the young Italian in *The Princess and the Butterfly*. Miss Opp is a very beautiful New York girl, for several years a writer for the New York papers. Last autumn she made her first appearance on the stage, as a member of George Alexander's company. In the production of *As You Like It* she attracted attention by her beauty and by her admirable delivery of the few lines given to Hymen. One evening Miss Julia Neilson was too ill to appear as Rosalind, and Miss Opp took the part and played it with great success for a week. Mr. Pinero wrote a part for her in *The Princess and the Butterfly*, which she played skilfully, and she also appeared several times as the Princess, which she is to play during the forth-coming production of the piece at the Lyceum Theatre.

John D. Barry.

THIS BUSY WORLD

An Arizona correspondent protests courteously against an opinion, lately expressed in this department of the **Weekly**, that when Protestant clergymen of various other sects leave their churches, as they sometimes do, to become Episcopalians, the transfer is usually felt to involve a development of taste rather than a change of heart. He thinks it "involves a development of education and in the grasp of great underlying principles." It may be that his experience seems to warrant that conclusion, but so far as the somewhat limited observations of the present paragrapher have enabled him to judge, the fact behind the transfer of a Presbyterian, or Baptist, or other Protestant minister to an Episcopal pulpit is usually some sort of local irritation which has put him out of conceit with his own denomination and made him feel that another would suit him better. A recent case that seems to be relevant is that of a Dutch Reformed clergyman, long settled over a church where he was honored and contented until his son became an Episcopalian. That made trouble in his congregation which resulted in his migration from the Dutch Church altogether. In another recent instance two Presbyterians were co-pastors in one church. Both resigned. One was recalled. The other, presently, joined the Episcopal Church. In these cases and similar ones local causes seem to be operative rather than any intensified grasp of great underlying principles.

Two men at least have started for the Klondike region for whom it seems safe to predict steady and perhaps remunerative work in all seasons. They are Messrs. Young of Massachusetts and McEwen of Missouri, Presbyterian missionaries, who are reported to be on their way to cross the Alaskan mountains to the head-waters of the Yukon, their plan being to drift down stream to the mining-camps. The Klondike country ought to be an excellent mission field.

The Boston Norwegians are preparing to receive Dr. Nansen when he visits Boston in November, and three Norwegian societies have appointed a joint committee of arrangements. This early premonition of what is in store for Dr. Nansen in this country makes it reassuring to recall that durability is one of his strong points, and that he can probably stand as much entertainment as any man living. It is possible that those famous travellers, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, may make him an honorary member of their organization.

Dr. Theodore Cuyler complains in the *Evangelist* of a contemporary phenomenon to which nowadays allusion is often made—the extreme difficulty in finding a chance for an unemployed clergyman fifty years old and upwards to practise his profession. Churches seeking pastors don't want elderly clergymen, whether they are competent or not. Consequently, as Dr. Cuyler says, many good and gifted men are "shelved from the pastorate on account of an arbitrary and abominable law of limitations that is applied to no other calling, secular or sacred, but the Christian ministry."

This may be putting it a little too strong. Successful lawyers and doctors usually establish themselves long before they are fifty, just as most successful clergymen do. Clergymen who find themselves out of a job at fifty have usually been unlucky or have fallen behind in the competition with their brethren. It is not unnatural that churches should want young men, as being more adaptable and more likely to grow up with their charges; but still the preference for brand-new ministers does seem to warrant the suspicion that in the opinion of vestries, consistories, and trustees a man may easily have had too much experience to be a desirable minister.

The "Idler" of the *Evening Post*, in discussing why "our élite" do not take in greater numbers to public life, finds one hinderance in the provision of our laws that a man must reside in the locality which he represents. "Unfortunately," says the "Idler," "our bright young men leave the small towns of their birth and flock up to the great centres, as offering wider fields for their advancement. In consequence the local elector finds his choice limited to what is left—the intellectual skimmed milk, of which the cream has been carried up to New York or other great cities."

This characterization of the folks outside of the big cities as "intellectual skimmed milk" is not adapted to promote the rural elector's tranquillity. While it may be true enough that lads who prefer business or professional life to agriculture leave the country districts for the towns, it seems rather rash to assert that the intellectual cream of the country is "carried up to New York or other great cities." A good many clever young men go from the smaller towns to New York or the other great cities, but they do not necessarily constitute the intellectual cream of the communities they leave. They are more apt to be youths who have nothing in particular—no special opening or family influence or strong local ties—to keep them at home. The average clever young man who sees fair prospects ahead of him in a small city is apt to stay where he is, and rather shudders at the notion of getting into the metropolitan maelstrom. It is the lad who has less to risk, or who aspires to succeed in some vocation in which a metropolis offers special opportunities, who drifts to the big cities. In New York State, certainly, if the lesser cities and the country districts do not send their fittest men to Washington or to Albany, it is by no means because all their "best brains" have been absorbed by Gotham. It is for the same reason that New York itself finds it so hard to employ its "élite" in the labor of legislation—partly because the men who seem fittest for the work can make more money or have more fun in some other employment; partly because such men cannot be elected without a greater expenditure of time and effort and money than they care to undertake.

Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff, a graduate of Princeton, whose interest in his fellow-men recently led him to earn his living for two years by manual labor, lived during that period strictly on his earnings, and among his fellow-laborers wherever he found them. As a result of his experience of laboring-men all over the country, he says (among other things):

> There is really not so much difference between the classes as people think from the surface appearance. The constituent elements of human nature are all alike, and the result of education and culture is very shallow. The difference is merely superficial. I found the same variety of character and as much attractiveness of character among those unskilled laborers as among other classes of people, and perhaps even more, as it appeared wholly naturally.

That was not a surprising discovery, but it is worth noting because we are all so prone to forget the truth that is contained in it. Conditions and environment may affect character, but as a rule they do not make it. People are good or bad, sweet or acrid, kind or selfish, thrifty or wasteful, in all grades of life. They are not "nice" because they are well-to-do, nor selfish or vulgar because they are poor. We all know that. The commonest experience is continually assuring us of it, but we seem to need to be reminded of it a great deal. People say, "Such and such things are not to be expected of that class," but they don't think of themselves as members of a class from the individuals of which uniformity of behavior is expected. Their class is composed of persons whose conduct is widely various. It is always some other class that impresses them as a body to be thought of in a lump. But no such class exists; not in this country, at any rate.

Jefferson County, Ohio, is a hundred years old, and celebrated its centennial anniversary last week with profuse enthusiasm. Every county in the State of Ohio is proud and famous, but Jefferson County has titles to fame which afford an exceptionally sound basis to legitimate pride. Edwin M. Stanton was born in Jefferson County. So were William D. Howells, General Custer, and the energetic family known as The Fighting McCooks. So were E. F. Andrews, the artist, Doyle the sculptor, Professor Sloane, several United States Senators, and many other good men who have won distinction in art or letters, war or peace. President McKinley was born within the original limits of the county, and it is stated that at one time his father worked in Means's factory, which is still running.

The celebration at Steubenville, the county-seat, began on Tuesday, August 24, and lasted three days. The first day was Stantons day, when a bronze memorial tablet, provided by a fund raised by the school-children, and affixed to the wall of the building which stands on the site of the house in which Mr. Stanton was born, was unveiled and dedicated. Wednesday was Pioneer day; Thursday, Military day. Each day had its procession. The Seventeenth Regiment of United States Infantry and a regiment and many companies of Ohio troops took part, but nothing in any of the processions was more interesting than 4000 of the school-children of the county who marched in honor of Stanton.

In the two articles about the Klondike mining-camps, published in the **Weekly** of August 7 it is narrated how Clarence Berry, a farmer from Fresno County, California, who had been mining in the Yukon district, had a large supply of provisions on hand when the news of the Klondike find came, and started immediately with his whole stock and as much more as he could get for the new camp. He traded his provisions for claims, and also made extremely rich finds on his own account, so that when he came home he brought a large amount of gold with him and left property of great value behind. How much Mr. Berry's advice is in request by intending Klondikers appears from a postal card which he has enclosed in a letter to the **Weekly**, as a sample of those he finds it necessary to use. On one side of it is printed:

> Dear Sirs:—Your letter duly received. I receive from 100 to 200 letters per day, and am unable to answer them. I advise no one to go to the Klondyke. It is a rough, cold country with many hardships and a long ways from home. The river and passes are completely blockaded with people and their outfits. For any information get the "Chronicle" from July 15th to this date, (particularly July 21st and 22d,) which you can purchase for 5 cents per copy.
>
> Yours very respectfully
>
> C. J. Berry.

The Paris *Matin* quotes M. Resee, described as "the well-known authority on submarine navigation," as of the opinion that a more practicable device for reaching the north pole than Herr Andrée's balloon is a submarine boat which would dive under large ice fields, blowing out a breathing-hole, where necessary, with dynamite. The attention of M. Resee should be directed to the narrative now running in **Harper's Magazine**, wherein the eminent New Jersey scientist, Mr. Frank Stockton, has developed the idea of the discovery of the pole and the open polar sea by submarine navigation, and has forestalled the achievements of inventive energy in a number of other surprising particulars. Mr. Stockton and M. Resee seem to agree in thinking that dynamite would be useful in blowing up ice barriers, but M. Resee seems not as yet to have thought of Mr. Stockton's excellent device of electric gills, by which submarine vessels may get air out of water, and remain submerged for indefinite periods without inconvenience.

An unusual number of minds seem to be at work just now on the problems of polar navigation. A writer in the New York *Times*, who is sure there is an open polar sea, believes it could be reached with comparative ease if a modern war-ship were sent at the proper time, in a favorable season, to ram and blast its way through the ice pack, make a dash for the pole, and return before its channel was closed behind it. To this writer the policy of sending slow ships to be frozen in seems out of date.

Judge Ryan of Kentucky, formerly supervising architect of the Treasury, and one John Orme Cole, are credited with the invention of a particularly ingenious scheme of currency inflation, which provides that the government should pay every pensioner a lump sum in full settlement of his pension claim. They compute that this would take about two billion dollars, and as they recognize that it might be hard to raise so much money all at once, they propose that Uncle Sam should issue for the purpose two billions of new greenbacks, to the gradual redemption of which the sums now disbursed for pensions should be devoted. The inventors of this scheme point out that it would "inject two billion dollars into the stagnant arteries of the nation, and a giant would awake from his lethargy." They were to unfold it at the Grand Army meeting in Buffalo, where, by-the-way, is located one of the large "State hospitals" which the State of New York maintains for persons whose imaginations are uncontrollably active.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Jefferson Davis have appealed to the Pope and to the Queen Regent of Spain in behalf of Evangelina Cisneros, the Cuban girl who is in danger apparently of being sent for twenty years to the Spanish penal colony of Ceuta, in Africa, a place, Mrs. Howe tells the Pope, "where no woman has ever before been sent, and where, besides enduring every hardship and indignity, she would have for companions the lowest criminals and outcasts." The facts as to the predicament in which Señorita Cisneros finds herself would appear to be these. Her father, her brother, her fiancé, and herself were arrested about a year ago and sent to the Isle of Pines as Cuban sympathizers. The Spanish commander of the island admired her, and paid her attentions—"gross attentions" some narrators say. She discouraged him, but at length, on the advice of the fiancé, appeared to relent, and made an appointment with the Spanish officer to meet her at night. He came; the fiancé and the brother were waiting, pounced on him, and tied him with ropes, but his outcries brought soldiers, who captured his assailants. It seems an ill-advised enterprise, for though the Spanish commander was fair game, the advantages of the situation were too much on his side. Consul-General Lee has interested himself in behalf of Señorita Cisneros, and it seems likely that so much light has been let in on her case that it will hardly seem advisable to the Spanish authorities to punish her as proposed. To be sent to Ceuta would be a dreadful fate for a woman, almost as bad, it would seem, as to be sent to one of those convict camps in Georgia, of the horrors of which recent official inspectors have brought back such grewsome reports.

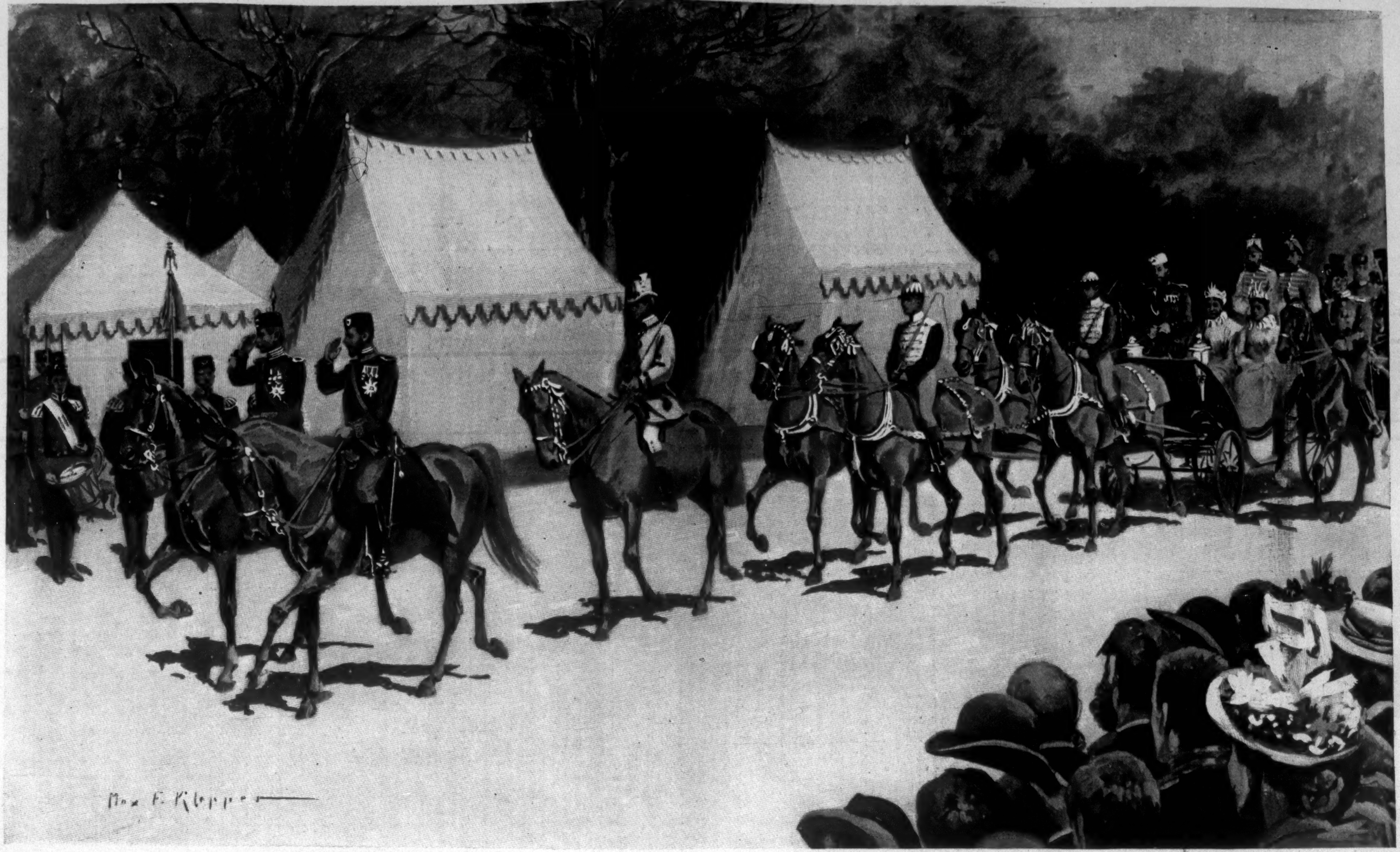
Paradise Alley and Bone Alley, on Cherry Hill, near Franklin Square, are no more. The tenements that bordered them are demolished, and their population has found shelter elsewhere. Both alleys were crowded and profitable, but their manners and reputation sunk, and their death rate rose until the Board of Health condemned them to destruction, and after a fight in the courts with owners who were not ashamed to fatten on slum property, the sentence of the board has been carried out. On the site of Bone Alley will be opened a new park—Willett Park—where Cherry Hill may find a breathing-place. What will succeed the tenements of Paradise Alley is not yet determined, but it will be either a warehouse or a play-ground for school-children.

It is understood that always at the annual dinner at Ashfield, for the benefit of Sanderson Academy, something is liable to be said which will be worth remembering. This year's dinner, the nineteenth, took place on August 19. A number of wise gentlemen talked after it and said pleasing and edifying things, but the address which has excited the most notice is that with which Professor Charles Eliot Norton opened the exercises. After reading a poem by Mrs. Seffers, in memory of George William Curtis, Professor Norton discoursed at some length upon the increase of lawlessness in the rising generation. From all sides, he said, we hear complaint of it. Increased independence is permitted to the young of both sexes, and is often abused, resulting in a tendency to resist authority, and in a spirit of lawlessness which develops rapidly into the spirit of crime. He went on to recount the presence in every village of loafers and hoodlums, who were neglected by the authorities, allowed to make themselves an offence to decent people, and sometimes, like O'Neil, the Shelburne Falls murderer, to grow up into criminals. He urged the necessity of taking these hoodlums in charge and checking their demonstrations with the strong hand. He deplored the laxity of town officers and the indifference of citizens in general in their attitude toward these culprits. He called for organization to correct hoodlumism by promoting parental discipline, moral training in schools, and courage and efficiency in town officers in enforcing the laws.

Chief Wade, of the State Police of Massachusetts, has commented on Professor Norton's remarks as though he recognized the evil of which they treated, and has mentioned truancy and the presence of children in the streets at night as contributing to it. Perhaps a curfew law such as is in effect in many of the Western States would be useful in the reformation of the rising generation in Massachusetts. It is depressing, just as we have got all the Indians pacified, to hear these complaints of lawlessness and brutish behavior in the New England villages, while at the same time the newspapers print a continuous chronicle of the lynchings in the South. Not only is civilization's work never done, but there are times when its processes seem to be working backwards. It may be that we felicitate ourselves overmuch on living in a state of peace and security which deprives ill-mannered and idle lads who need discipline of the benefit that might accrue to them from a term of compulsory military training. Still, even Professor Norton, who probably dislikes brutish manners as much as any man living, might find even the hoodlums of New England more tolerable than the military bullies of Germany.

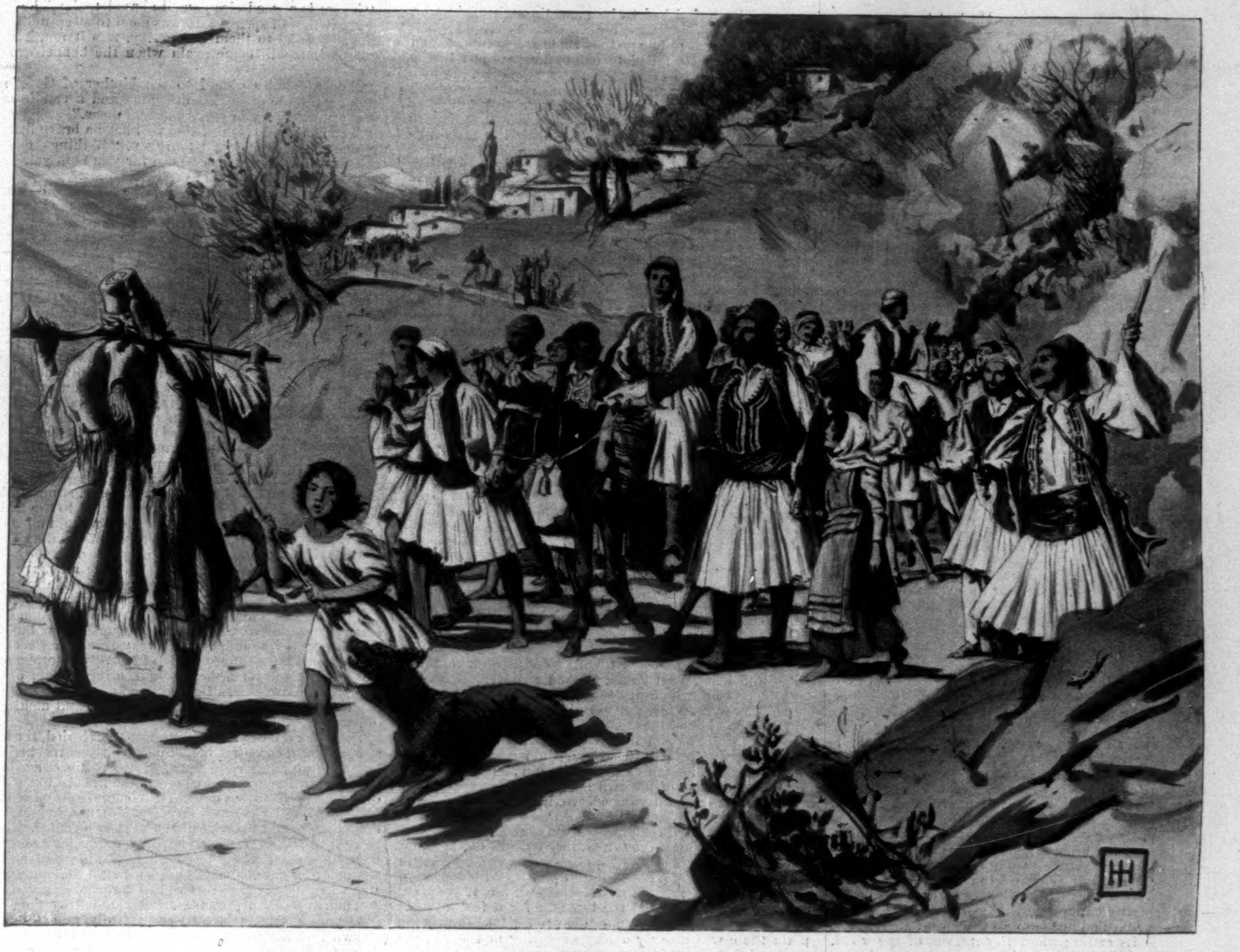
Professor Norton is one of three contemporary writers who were contributors nearly forty years ago to the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The other two survivors are Messrs. J. T. Trowbridge and Parke Godwin. The *Atlantic* celebrates its fortieth anniversary next month. Though it has steadfastly resisted all temptations to deal in illustrations, it is strong and important in the field that it has chosen, and is especially high in the favor of that class of readers who are wont to complain of the dearth in this country of reviews such as are supported in considerable number in England. A number of the *Atlantic* seldom appears nowadays which does not include some article—by Mr. Godkin, or Professor Norton, or John Fiske, or Mr. Roosevelt, or some other of the wise in his generation—which reading people cannot afford to miss.

E. S. Martin.


The Grand-Duke
Vladimir Alexandrovitch.
The Tsaritsa.
The Empress of Germany.
Max F. Klepper
The Emperor of Germany.
The Tsar of Russia.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY IN RUSSIA—THE IMPERIAL PARTY VISITING THE GREAT MILITARY CAMP AT KRASNOE-SELO.

DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY HENRY CUMMING FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 886.]



"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

MITSOS looked anxiously round as they went outside, but no one was in sight. Yanni's mule had strayed into the field, and after depositing his cousin against the wall, he went after it, and muffling the bell with grass, led it round to the back of the mill, where Yanni was sitting. The latter was quickly recovering, but he felt his head ruefully.

"An awful bang," he said. "Did he fire at me? My hair is burned."

"Yes," said Mitsos, "and I at him. He made a devilish bad shot, Yanni, but he was upset at the sight of my pistol, I suppose. If he hadn't been a cracked fool he would have fired at me. But I suppose there wasn't time to think."

"Thanks, Mitsos," said Yanni. "Perhaps I may do the same for you some day. I would do my best for you always."

This bordered on sentiment, and Mitsos changed the subject.

"Yanni," he said, "we must think very hard what we are to do next. If Nicholas was only here! No one seems to have heard the shots, and we must get away as quickly as we can. Are we to leave things just as they are and go? Oh, do think, Yanni, and think quickly. My head is all buzzing."

"The black devils! Treacherous black devils!"

"Oh, never mind them," said Mitsos; "they are with their own sort now. What are we to do?"

Yanni's eye brightened. "This will we do," he said. "There is powder there. Blow it all up. Don't you see? If we leave it as it is they will find those dead things. Yes, Mitsos, that is the way." Yanni got up. "Come inside," he said, "and see if there is much powder."

The two went back, and stopped the millwheel—for it was too horrible to see its shredded burden carried round and round—and Mitsos dragged the headless thing away and laid it by the Turk in the centre of the room while Yanni searched for the powder. "Look," he said at last, "here is a whole barrel. That will do our work. I know how to make a train; I have done it at home to blow up rocks. We must waste no time. Go back to the house, Mitsos, and bring your mule. Oh, yes, and the Turk's horse too; it will not do to leave that; and take them and the other mule up into the woods above the path and lower down. Then come back here. I shall be ready. I will make a train that will give us about three minutes."

Mitsos ran up to the house, as Yanni suggested, and led the two animals down. He stopped at the mill to tie Yanni's mule to his own, and then struck straight off the path into the trees and tethered them all some three hundred yards off, where the trees grew thick. Then he went back to Yanni.

Yanni had laid a train from the centre of the room, where the bodies were, out under the door, making it of moist powder wrapped in thick paper. He had waited for Mitsos to lift the barrel, for he was still weak and unsteady; and they bored a hole through it, so that the dry powder ran out on to the end of the train, and then closed the lid to increase the force of the explosion. Mitsos put the barrel in the centre of the room, laid the two bodies on it, and placed over it all the loose articles he could find.

"I will fire it," he said, "because it will be best to run, and you can't just now. Come out, Yanni, and I will show you where the beasts are. Look—do you see that big white trunk at the edge of the wood? Walk there, and keep straight on; you will find them two hundred yards inside. Now go."

Mitsos waited till Yanni had disappeared, and then, locking the door and pushing the key underneath it, fired the end of the train and ran as hard as he could go after Yanni. He found him with the beasts, having taken off the trappings and saddle from the Turkish horse, which bore the star and crescent, and thrown them into a thick bush. A few moments afterwards a frightful roar came to them from the direction of the village, and they knew that the powder had done its work.

Mitsos made Yanni mount the Turk's horse, and they went as quickly as they could through the trees, meaning to make a long détour, and come down upon the next village from the far side.

For some time they went on in silence; it was as much as Yanni could do to stick to his horse, for he still felt very weak and battered, and Mitsos trotted behind, incessantly beating the mules to make them keep up the pace. They were sedate old animals, who hitherto had sauntered through life, and they did not take kindly to a higher rate of going. However, go they had to, and they went. But at the end of half an hour Yanni reined in.

"Let's go slow a bit," he said; "I don't see what can possibly happen to us now. We are in our own country again; no one saw us go to the mill except my cousin Christos, and they might pull his tongue out before he spoke. Besides, there is nothing to say. The mill blew up; the matter is finished."

Mitsos assented, and threw himself down on the ground panting and blowing, for the pace had been stiff. However, a few minutes' rest and a drink from the wooden wine-flask set him right, and he opened his mouth, and to Yanni's intense astonishment began to swear. He was in a white-hot rage, and he cursed Krinos in the name of every saint in heaven, and labelled him with every profane and muddy epithet he knew, and the Greek language is rich in these.

Yanni was still looking on in surprise when Mitsos's mood changed, and he began to laugh, rocking himself to and fro.

"Did you hear his head crack?" he jerked out. "It cracked like a green nut in September. No, it was more like a pomegranate when you tread on it. He thought he could get so much money for his powder, and the powder has made little bits of him. Oh, Yanni, what shall I do? I can't stop laughing."

Yanni had never seen an exhibition of hysterics before, but he judged that they were not healthy things, and must be stopped if possible.

"Mitsos," he said, angrily, "don't make a fool of yourself. Stop laughing at once. Stop laughing," he shouted.

Mitsos stared at him a moment, and the fit ended as suddenly as it had begun. He had gone through a great deal that day, and it was no wonder he felt unstrung. He sat still awhile, and then spoke naturally.

"It has been a great day, Yanni," he said. "This sort of thing suits me. And now I have cursed that devil I feel better. But I was so angry all the way here that I hardly knew what to do. I wonder what made me laugh just now. Uncle Nicholas said that men often went half mad the first time they killed any one. He told me that I should probably be blooded before I came home again. Oh dear, it was so funny!" and he began laughing again.

"Oh, Mitsos, dear Mitsos, for God's sake don't laugh. It's horrible to hear you," said Yanni, who really began to be afraid that Mitsos was possessed.

Mitsos made a great effort and checked himself.

"That's right," said Yanni, soothing him as he would soothe a child. "Drink some more wine, and then stop quiet a bit. Go to sleep if you like."

Mitsos drank some wine, shifted his position to a more comfortable one, and putting his head on Yanni's knee, who was leaning against a tree trunk just above him, shut his eyes, and in a couple of minutes was fast asleep. Yanni was not very comfortable, but he sat as still as a mouse for fear of waking Mitsos. How odd it was, he thought to himself, that this great strong cousin of his should have behaved so queerly. He had been so perfectly cool and collected while there was anything to be done, but as soon as the need for doing anything was over he behaved like a child. During his struggle with the Turk he remembered seeing Mitsos's face as he threw the other man. He seemed to bear no resemblance to the cheerful cousin; he was like a wild beast. If anything had been wanting to put the final touch on Yanni's conviction that Mitsos was the king of men, it was that uprising of the wild beast within him.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

The sun had come out as they sat there, and shone full into Mitsos's face. Yanni, as gently as a woman, pushed his cap over his eyes, that it should not waken him, and with infinite craft filled his pipe, and managed to get a light from his flint and steel. He felt almost jealous of this girl whom Mitsos loved. It was not fit that he should go mooning after womankind, who were, so Yanni thought, an altogether inferior breed. It was Mitsos's business to fight and to do the work of men. How splendid he had been at Kalamata, when they sat in the café after supper! The café man had tried to make Mitsos drunk, for the fun of seeing so large a person reeling about, and promised him that if he could drink an oke of wine he should not pay for it. This had suited Mitsos excellently, for he was thirsty; he had drunk it in less than half an hour, and to show that he was as sober as a woman he had played draughts afterwards with one of the Greeks there, and beat him easily in the first two games.

Then his misguided little opponent had tried to cheat; and Mitsos, rising up wrathful, had dealt him so severe a blow over the head with the draught-board that he was fain to play no more. Several men looking at the game had seen him cheat, and applauded Mitsos's method of conviction most warmly. They had also asked him to drink more wine, but Mitsos thanked them and refused, saying he had had enough. However, they stopped on, smoking and talking, as there was to be no journey the next day, and Mitsos — who could do everything — had sung the "Song of the Vine-diggers" as Yanni had never heard it sung before. Decidedly there was no one in the world like him.

Mitsos stirred in his sleep, woke, and stretched himself.

"Dear old Yanni!" he said; "what a brute I am! Have you been sitting here all the time with my head on you? Why didn't you knock it off? Oh dear, the sun is getting low. We must get on. How's your head?"

"Oh, it's all right," said Yanni. "A bruise like a walnut, but it doesn't ache any more. You ride, Mitsos. I can walk perfectly."

Mitsos wrinkled up his nose.

"Indeed! Get on the horse."

And he broke out again with "Dig we deep around the vines."

They struck straight down the hill, guessing that they had gone beyond the village where they meant to sleep, threading their way slowly through the aromatic-smelling pines, and treading softly on the fallen needles. A gentle wind from the south whispered in the boughs overhead, and Mitsos, purged by his sleep from the trouble of his nerves, whistled and sang as they went along. The sun was near its setting when they got out of the wood, but they found their guess had been correct, and they soon struck the road leading into the village from the north. This village, Kalovressi, was a regular stronghold of the Mavromichales, and Yanni knew that they would have a great welcome when they appeared. At the same time there was a small depot of Turkish soldiers there, and it had been worth while to take the precaution of making a détour and entering from the north.

These Turkish soldiers had a singularly comfortless life of it; for the scornful clan, secure in their remote position, made it quite clear that they were not to be interfered with in any way. If the government thought fit to keep soldiers there, well and good; they should be unmolested till the time came; but in the interval they had better keep to themselves, buy their provisions at double price without a murmur, and if they ventured to meddle in any way with the Mavromichales' womankind, why the Mavromichales would see to it. Otherwise the clan did not interfere with the soldiers, except when they were pleased to drink rather too much on festa days. Then, it is true, they called them by shocking names, and warned them for their own sakes to keep within barracks.

The two boys entered the village unmolested, and went to the café, where they were sure to find friends; and no sooner had they got there than a great bearded man, as tall as Mitsos, came tumbling over chairs and tables, and took Yanni off his horse as if he had been a child. For this clan were warm-hearted Irish-souled folk, and the two were kept like kings that night.

The great bearded man was Petrobey's brother, and to him Yanni knew they might tell everything freely. Never in his life had that genial giant been attacked with so many conflicting emotions. He positively trembled with suspense when Yanni described how he had gone into the mill alone, and kept interrupting him to say, "Go on, go on!" He stared at Mitsos admiringly when he heard how that young man had thrown Krinos backwards, and gave a whistle of keen appreciation when he learned how Krinos's skull had been cracked beneath the stone. He wiped his forehead nervously when Yanni told him how he had been thrown; he bit his lips when the Turk drew his pistol; and finally, when Mitsos shot the soldier through the head, he sprang off his chair, danced excitedly round the room, and embraced Mitsos. He choked with laughter when he heard how they had decided to blow the mill, and said "Pouf!" loudly when he was told that the explosion had taken place satisfactorily. Finally, when Yanni came to Mitsos's hysterical fit in the wood, his face clouded with anxiety, and he ran to the cupboard, and forced down his throat about half a pint of raw spirits.

"Well," he said, when the recital was over, "but this is a great day for the clan. And you, too, are of the clan," he said, turning to Mitsos, "and by the God above who made the clan, and the devil below who made the Turk, the clan is proud of you! Ah, but there will be a score of them in presently, and if the dear little Turks happen to meet any of them in the street as they go home again, I would not be surprised if we found them hanging upside down by the heels in the morning. You will be near two metres high, Mitsos!"

The clan, as Kostas Mavromichales had prophesied, soon learned that there was something going on, and dropped into his house in groups of three and four to learn what it was. The recital had to be gone through again to a most appreciative audience, for Kostas took the responsibility of making it public on his own broad shoulders, and the only thing that failed to make the harmony of the evening complete was that the little soldiers had all gone home before they came out. The clan contemptuously supposed that they were tired, for were they not little men? A few of the younger of its members had gone in a party to the barracks, and tried to rouse the little men by throwing stones at their windows, without result, and had subsequently quarrelled so violently at the café over the rival merits of the two corollaries "The little men sleep sound" and "The little men are very deaf," that Katsi had to go out and knock their heads together, which he did with cheerful impartiality, the one against the other.

Confirmatory news of the effects of the explosion came from Nymphia next morning, and fulfilled their most sanguine hopes. The mill, so said the Greek who brought it, was blown to bits, and as for Krinos, he was as if he had never been. A broken skull had been found some yards off, but of the rest of him no adequate remains were extant. It appeared also that there had been another man with him at the same time, for over forty teeth had been found by the enterprising youths of the village, which were more than Krinos ever had.

Kostas and a fine selection of cousins accompanied the two for a mile or so out of the village next morning, to set them on their journey. There were no more messages to deliver, for they were now in the country of the clan, which was worked from Panitza by Petrobey, and Mitsos, as the slayer of the Turk and the treacherous Krinos, enjoyed the sweet sacrifices of hero-worship offered by his cousins. Two of them in particular, of about his own age, could only look at him in a state of rapt admiration, and feebly express their feelings by quarrelling as to which should lead his mule. Yanni, good lad, grudged Mitsos not one word or look of this admiration which was so showered on him; it warmed his heart to see that others, like himself, recognized the greatness of their splendid cousin.

On the brow of the hill above the village Kostas and the elder men stopped and went back to their work, but the younger ones escorted them as far as their mid-day halt—lithe black-eyed young Greeks girt about with the dogs of the clan, which prosecuted an eternal feud among one another to keep themselves fighting fit, and allowed no man to pass along the road until a passage had been whipped through them by one or other of their masters. To Mitsos, who had lived so much alone, with only the companionship of his father, to be thrown suddenly among this crowd of boys of his own age, who welcomed him as a cousin and hailed him as a hero, was an incomparable pleasure, and with Nauplia and all that Nauplia held getting nearer day by day, he was utterly content.

All that afternoon they travelled quietly on, keeping close to the coast, and about sunset saw Mavromati, where they were to sleep, perched high upon the hills below an eastern spur of Taygetus. The tops of the range were covered with snow, and the low sun for a few minutes turned the whole to one incredible rose. But below in the plain there was already a hint of spring in the air, the worst of the winter—the storms and squalls—was passed, and the earth had stirred and thrown forth the early crocuses. And something of spring was in the hearts of the boys, as they wondered—not knowing that they wondered—what the year would bring. For another more glorious spring was ready to burst forth, and that in Greece, which had been sprouting, hidden in the ground, for a long winter, smitten and fed by squalls and rains, was already growing green, and held within it the promise of a glorious flower.

Their last day's journey to Panitza was only a five hours' ride, and the two boys crossed the last ridge, and saw it nestling in a hollow of the hills opposite by mid-day. There, too, they found Petrobey himself, who had ridden out to meet them, both to give them news and take theirs. He was delighted to see them, and after they had eaten, Mitsos told their story, at which the soul of Petrobey was lifted up within him, and he was filled with an exceeding joy when he heard of the fate of Krinos.

"But it all makes the next order the more necessary," he said, when Mitsos had finished. "Yanni, my boy, I am very sorry, but it is Tripolitza for you, and Nauplia for Mitsos."

Yanni looked up at Mitsos. "Oh, lucky one!" he said, below his breath. "See that Suleima has forgotten you not." Then aloud, "When shall I have to go to that kennel, father?" he said.

"You can stay two or three days here, and you and Mitsos will go together. That Mehemet Salik has a sharp nose, but you shall be red herring to him, Yanni, and he will smell no further afield."

Yanni wrinkled up his nose with an expression of pungent disgust.

"I want no Turk smelling round me," he said. "It is the devil's business. How long shall I have to be there?"

"Not long, I hope. A month perhaps. It will not be bad fun for you. They will treat you very well. I want Mitsos to go with you as your servant for a day or two, so that he too may have free access to the Governor's house and know where you will be in case they get more alarmed and keep you close, so that when the time comes for your escape he may find you easily and tell you."

"That will be a fine day for me," said Yanni.

"And what do I do," asked Mitsos, "after I leave Yanni there?"

"You go to Nauplia with a letter for Nicholas; but I expect you will stay there just as long as the gull when he dips in the sea and out again. There will then be another journey for you, northwards to Patras, to speak with Germanos. However, Nicholas will tell you all that."

Yanni sat up and pulled Mitsos's hair.

"You lazy dog!" he said. "Is it this I pay you wages for, that you should lie in the grass by your master, and"—he felt in his pouch and found his tobacco gone—"and, by the God above us, take his tobacco, and then not be able to fill a pipe fit for a dog to smoke?"

"Fill it for me, Yanni," said the other, "and let go my hair."

"You shall brush my clothes," continued Yanni, "and lay my supper, and eat my leavings. It is a fine thing to have a good strong servant. There's your pipe."

Mitsos reached out a huge hand and plucked Yanni's pipe from his mouth and lit his own at it.

"There is a good clean smell abroad to-day," he said; "it is the first of spring. It was good to sleep under the pines and wake to them whispering, was it not, Yanni? Perhaps that will come again when the kennel-work is over."

"Easter candles give I to the Mother of God," said Yanni, "for the days that are gone, and a candle more for every day we journey together, Mitsos."

"The blessed Mother of God will have a brave lighting up one night, then," said Petrobey, "if things go well with us. There's many a tramp for you both yet. And who will be paying for the candles, Yanni?"

The third day after the two set out for Tripoli—Yanni, trinketed out in his best clothes, as was fit for the son of a chief, and going forward on a fine gray horse; Mitsos behind him on his own pony, in the dress of a servant, leading the baggage-mule. Four days' travelling — for they rode but short hours, being in no way very eager to get to the "kennel-work," as Mitsos called it—brought them to Tripoli, when Yanni went straight to the Governor's house, leaving Mitsos outside with the mules.

The house stood on one side of the square, but on the outside showed only a bald face of wall, pierced here and there with a few iron gratings. As Mitsos waited he saw a woman's face thickly veiled pressed against one of these, and guessed rightly that this was the woman's part. An arched gateway leading into the garden and closed by a heavy door, which had been opened to Yanni by the porter, and shut again immediately after he had entered, alone gave access to the premises. After waiting a few minutes, the door was again opened, and a Turkish servant came out to help him to carry the luggage in. But this was but small, and Mitsos carried it all in himself, leaving the servant to take the horses round to the stables. Behind the gate stood a small porter's room, and on the left as he entered the side of the block of building he had seen from the street. A door was pierced in the middle of it, but the windows, as outside, were all narrow and barred. The path was bordered on each side by a strip of garden bed, and following the porter's directions, he went straight on and past the corner of the same block, from the end of which ran out another narrow building, right up to the boundary wall away from the street. In front of this lay a square garden planted with orange-trees and flowering shrubs, the whole face forming an oblong, bounded on two sides by a high garden wall, the house itself taking up more than half its space and making the other sides.

This second block of building was two-storied, the upper story being faced by a balcony, which was reached from below by an outside staircase. Four rooms opened on to this, and, following his directions, he knocked at the first of the doors, and a young Turk came out, who, seeing Mitsos with the luggage, reached down a key and proceeded to open the doors of the next two rooms. These, he said to Mitsos, were his master's rooms, and there was a slip of a place where he could sleep if his master wished to have him near. So Mitsos, as Yanni did not appear, unpacked his luggage and waited for him.

Yanni came up presently, accompanied by the porter. The young Turk salaamed respectfully, and Yanni was shown into his rooms, where Mitsos was busy arranging things. He shut the door hastily, and waiting till the steps of the porter had creaked away down the balcony steps, broke out with an oath.

"The very devil, Mitsos," he said, "but this is no good job we are on. Here am I, and from within this kennel place I may not stir. I sleep and am fed, and for exercise I may walk in that pocket-handkerchief of a garden; but out of these walls I don't move."

Mitsos whistled.

"It's a good thing I came," he said. "I suppose this Turk next door is your keeper. Oh, Yanni, but we shall have bitter dealings with him before you get out of this. I shall stop here to-night; there is a room I may use next this, and you inside and I outside must just examine the lay of things. I will go out now round to the stables and see if the horses are properly cared for, and before I come back I will go round the outside of this place and see what is beyond these walls. And you look about inside."

Mitsos returned in about an hour. "It wasn't good," he said, but it might have been worse. From the square it was impossible to get into the place except through the gate, and equally impossible to get out. To the right of the gate stood the corner house of the square, and next to it a row of houses opening out on the street leading from the square, and there was no penetrating that way. On the other side the long wall of the back of the house looked out blankly into another street running into the square; but at the back there was hope. Fifty yards down the street the house they were in ended, and was succeeded by another standing in the middle of its garden, and bounded from the street by an eight-foot wall. "None so high," quoth Mitsos, "but that a bigger man than you could get up." Standing on the top of the wall, it would be possible to get on to the roof of the block of building in which they were, and from there down on to the balcony, which was covered in and supported by pillars, one of which stood in front of Yanni's door. "And where a man has come, there may two go," said Mitsos, in conclusion. "Cheer up, Yanni."

"It's all very good for you," said Yanni; "but here am I, cooped up like a tame hen for a month, or it may be more, in this devil-kennel place, with a garden to walk in and an orange to pick. Eh, Mitsos, but it will be a gay life for me. A fat-bellied, slow-footed cousin will you find when you come for me. I doubt I shall be sitting cross-legged on the floor, with a huga and a string of beads."

"Oh, you'll soon get fit again on the mountains," said Mitsos, cheerfully. "I expect it will be quick going when I come to fetch you out of this."

Yanni nodded his head towards the Turk's room next door.

"Some night when you come tramping on the roof overhead," he said, "will he not wake and pluck you by the heels as you come down on to the balcony?"

Mitsos grinned.

"There will be fine doings that night," he said. "If only you looked into the street we could arrange that you should be at the window every night, and I could whistle you a signal; but here—bad luck to it!—I could whistle till I burst, and you would not hear. I shall have to come myself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COPAN: A CITY OF THE DEAD.

BY HENRY COLLINS WALSH.

MUCH has been done in recent years to throw light upon the history of the ancient races of the East, but comparatively little interest has been taken, even by American archæologists and scientists, in the ancient and marvellous civilization whose traces are to be found scattered over our continent, particularly in Central America and Mexico. That a civilization once flourished in these regions, much higher than any the Spanish conquerors found upon their arrival, there can be no doubt. The great antiquity of many of the ruins that have been discovered, as well as some of the ancient Spanish records, proves this fact. But of the political and social life, of the habits, customs, and religion of the aboriginal inhabitants, next to nothing is known.

Some of the Spanish conquerors, to be sure, have left excellent accounts of what actually passed before their eyes, but their thoughts were taken up with present gain, and they allowed the dead past to bury its dead. The early Spanish historians who followed were mainly ecclesiastic, and sought to fit all Indian traditions and customs to an origin in accordance with the accepted Biblical history of the human race. Besides, they were for the most part fierce iconoclasts, and sought to demolish beliefs other than their own rather than to preserve them. Bishop Landa, the first Spanish bishop of Yucatan, boasts that he destroyed one thousand ancient Indian manuscripts.

Since the twelfth century of our era we know next to nothing of the early inhabitants of our continent except what has come to us through the study of the monuments and ruins they have left behind. For if stone walls have ears, they have also tongues, that speak in no uncertain language to the interpreter.

By far the most important work that has been done among the remains of the old Maya civilization has been carried on by the Peabody Museum of Harvard College, through a series of expeditions it has sent to the buried city now called Copan, in Spanish Honduras. In a beautiful valley near the border-land of Guatemala, surrounded by steep mountains and watered by a winding river, the hoary city lies wrapped in the sleep of ages. In hieroglyphs upon ruins of temples and palaces and richly carved monuments the history of its peoples is written; but not so that he who runs may read. What prince of science shall wander into this enchanted domain of the past and wake the sleeping princess that so long has "been lost to life and name and fame"?

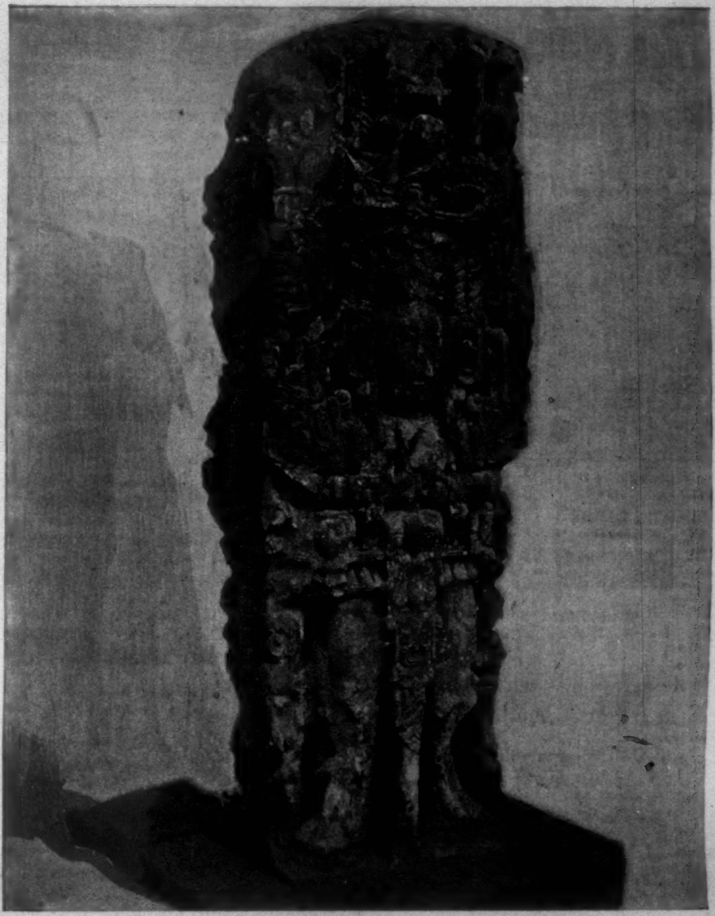
Perhaps one reason that Copan has not yet attracted the attention it deserves is because it is so difficult of access. There are no Cook's tours to this old city; indeed, there are no accurate maps of the surrounding country. All roads lead to Rome, but no roads lead to Copan, only winding bridle-paths over steep mountains, and these must be scaled on the back of the slow but sure-footed mule.

The writer made his way to Copan with a small party, composed, besides himself, of Messrs. Alfred C. Harrison, Jr., C. E. Hite, and Dr. J. D. MacDonald, all of Philadelphia. We did not go to Copan in a spirit of conquest, to wrest from it the secret of the ages; we had been hunting and exploring over the mountains and wilds of Honduras, and, led by its fame, we travelled through jungles and over steep trails in search of the buried city. Before we reached it we began to think that, like El Dorado, it lay

> Over the mountains of the moon,
> Down the valley of the shadow.

But at length, after weeks of hard riding, we came unto the city of our dreams.

We bore letters of introduction to Mr. George Byron Gordon, chief of the Peabody Honduras expedition, and were most hospitably received by him. We combined our forces and stores during our stay, and pitched our tent near by a little house made of upright poles and with a thatched roof, in which dwelt Mr. Gordon and his assistant. We even successfully combined our cooks, and they did not spoil our broth, although two more opposite human beings could scarcely be imagined.



FRONT OF ONE OF THE CARVED MONOLITHS.

We had picked up our cook on the way down. He was a Scotchman of diminutive stature, intensely Calvinistic, and burning with religious zeal. When not engaged in pursuing his art, he delighted in preaching, and on Sundays we always allowed him to have his fling, and listened to his exhortations with apparent reverence and devotion. I am glad to relate that his bread was much lighter than his sermons, else we could not have survived it. At Copan a revelation came to "Tam" that the ruins were those of ancient Babylon, and he declared that it was the Almighty's wrath that had overthrown the idols and rent the temples.

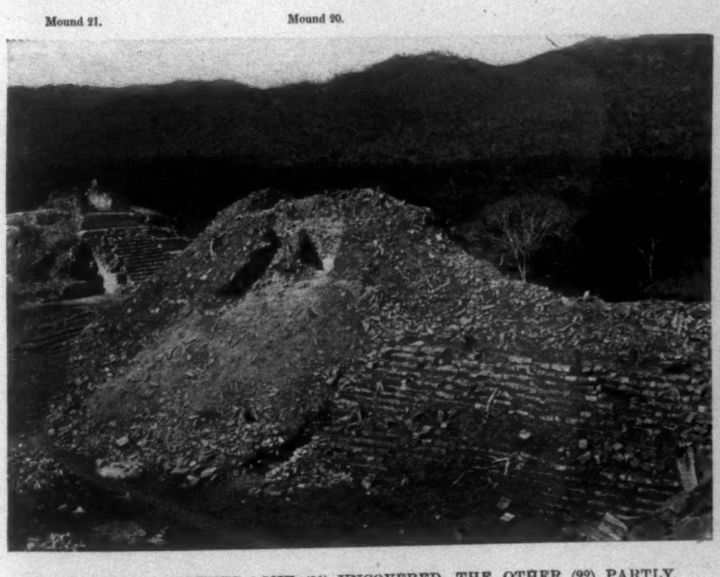
Chica, Mr. Gordon's cook, was a tall, venerable Indian woman, a prophetess and seer, who was not without honor even in her own country. She was looked upon with reverential awe by all the people about, and old and young consulted her in the affairs of life. The sick and infirm invoked her healing powers, the young sought her advice in love-affairs, and even the mayor of the little village of Copan, near by, would take no official action without first consulting the oracular Chica.

All about our encampment were curiously wrought idols and carved altars, and the remains of temples and palaces and magnificent stairways. The ruins of Copan are conceded to be the most ancient of any discovered on our continent. The accumulation of soil and the growth of trees over the ruins, to any one familiar with these processes in the tropics, are of no value in determining lapse of time, but the condition of skeletons found in the tombs indicate the greatest antiquity. Moreover, no traces of wood have been discovered among the fallen buildings, though there is strong evidence that wooden beams, jambs, and lintels were once in use. This goes to prove that the ruins are so old that all the wood-work has crumbled into dust. Among the remains of neighboring cities in Yucatan carved beams and lintels perfectly preserved are to be found; these are made from zapote wood, a remarkably durable timber, which grows in great abundance about Copan as well as in Yucatan.

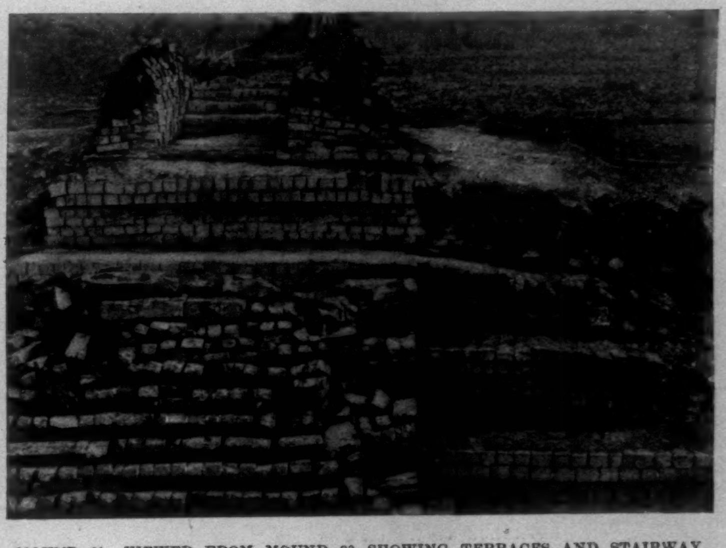
The modern geographical division of Yucatan corresponds to the mighty Maya empire of early times, whose rulers reared magnificent cities, palaces, and temples, and which had passed through the period of its greatest power and prosperity centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards. Some of its great cities were already abandoned at the time of the conquest. The ruins at Copan, although in a more advanced state of destruction than those of the Maya cities of Yucatan, have a general similarity to the latter in the design of the buildings and in the sculptures, while the characters in the inscriptions are essentially the same. It would seem, therefore, that Copan was a city of the Mayas; but if so, it must have been one of their most ancient settlements, fallen into decay long before the cities in Yucatan reached their prime. The Maya civilization was totally distinct from the Aztec or Mexican; it was an older and also a much higher civilization.

So far as we know, the first Spaniard who gazed upon the ruins of Copan was Diego Garcia de Palacio, Justice of the Royal Audiencia of Guatemala. He passed by the buried city in 1576, and sent a letter to his sovereign, King Philip II. of Spain, saying that he had beheld "ruins and vestiges of a great population and of superb edifices, of such skill and splendor that it appears they could never have been built by the natives of that province." Palacio then goes on to describe the ruins, and as far as it goes his account tallies accurately with the condition of the buried city as found by the Peabody expedition over three centuries later. The Spaniard adds that he was unable to obtain from the Indians any satisfactory traditions concerning the original inhabitants, or anything but a vague story, which sounds more like an invention than a tradition, to the effect that in old times there came from Yucatan a great lord, who built the edifices and afterwards deserted them.

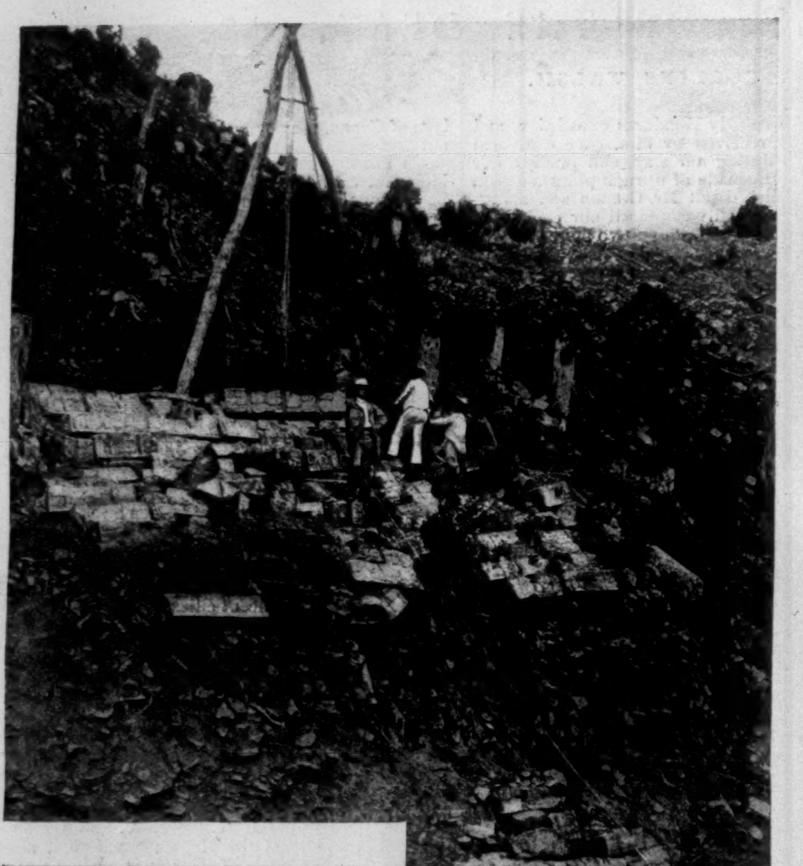
From the time of Palacio's visit until 1835 Copan remained unvisited, save perhaps by the indifferent natives. Fuentes y Guzman, to be sure, a Spanish historian, describes the ruins in a history of Guatemala written in the seventeenth century, but his narrative is so absurd that it is evident he did not see Copan himself, but gives his description from wild reports that he had heard, or else evolved it from his inner consciousness. In 1834 Colonel Juan Galindo was commissioned to examine the ruins by the government of Guatemala. His report was never published in full, but a description of Copan by him appeared in the *London Literary Gazette* in 1835. This communication first made the existence of Copan known to the English-speaking world. In 1839 Mr. John L. Stevens was sent by the United States government on a special



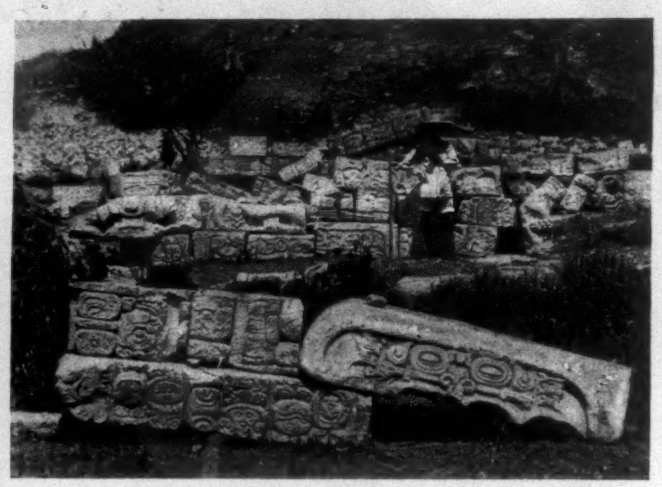
TWO OF THE MOUNDS. ONE (21) UNCOVERED, THE OTHER (22) PARTLY EXPLORED BY MAUDSLEY.



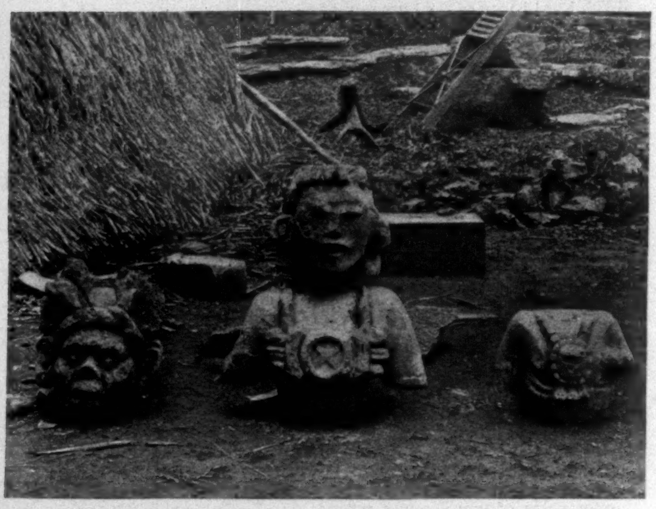
MOUND 21.—VIEWED FROM MOUND 20, SHOWING TERRACES AND STAIRWAY, AND THE STEPS INSIDE THE ROOM AT SUMMIT.



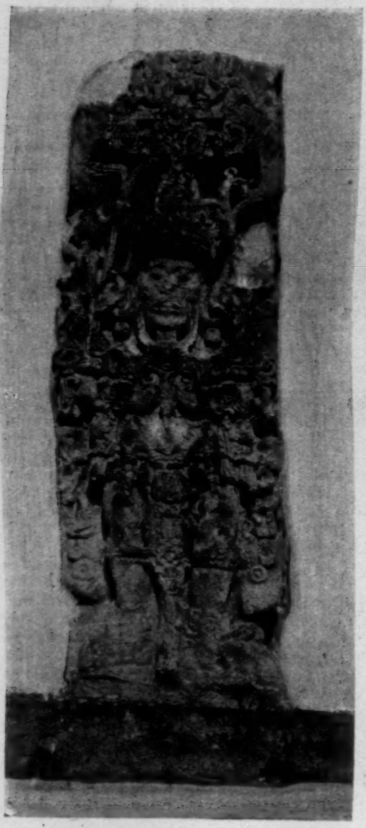
G. B. GORDON REMOVING SCULPTURES FROM ONE OF THE RUINED STAIRWAYS.



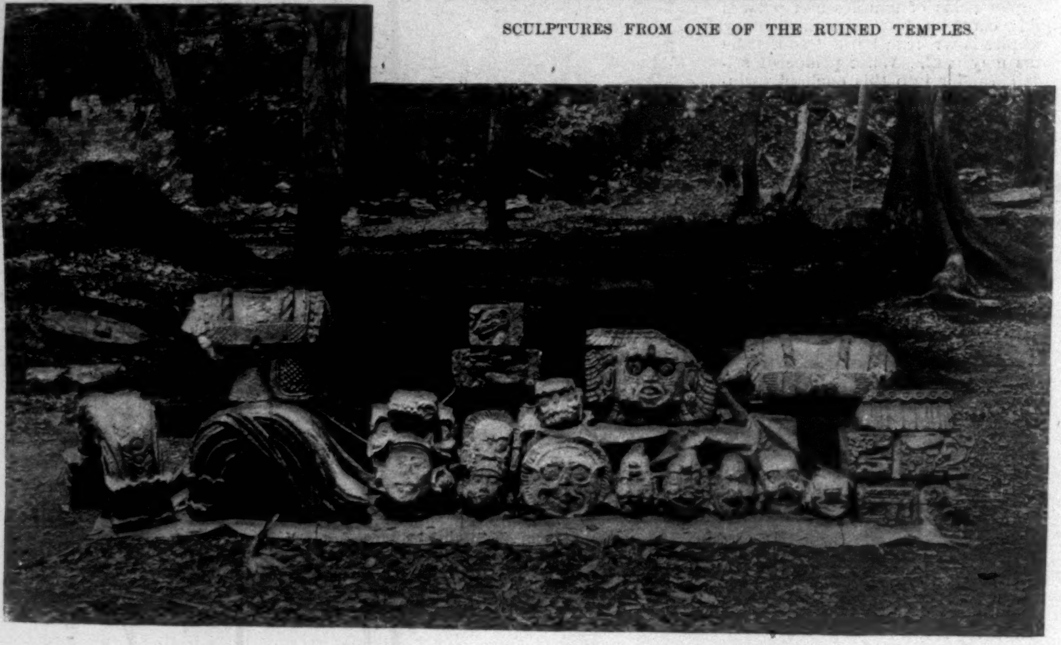
SCULPTURES FROM THE RUINS OF THE GREAT STAIRWAY.



SCULPTURES FROM ONE OF THE RUINED TEMPLES.



A MONOLITH—FRONT VIEW.

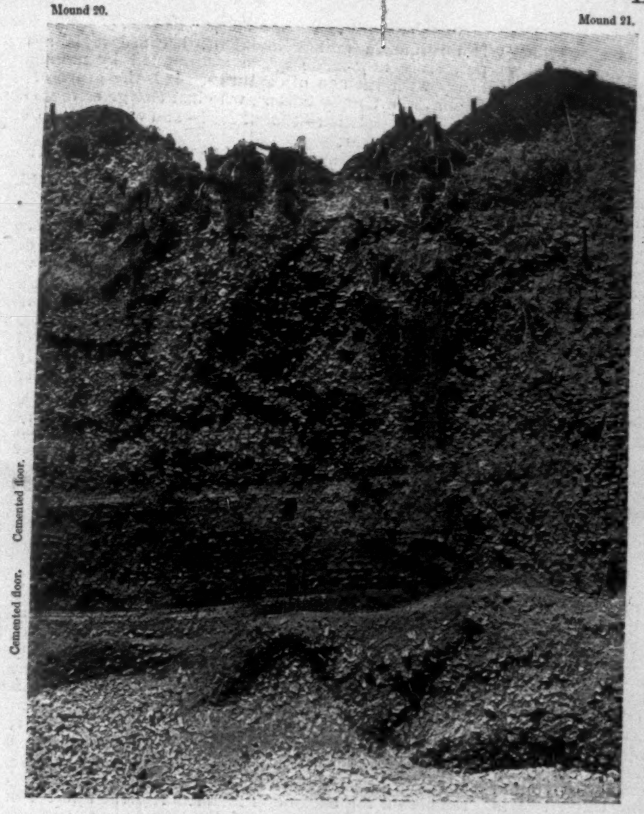


A GROUP OF SCULPTURES FROM THE RUINS OF THE GREAT STAIRWAY.

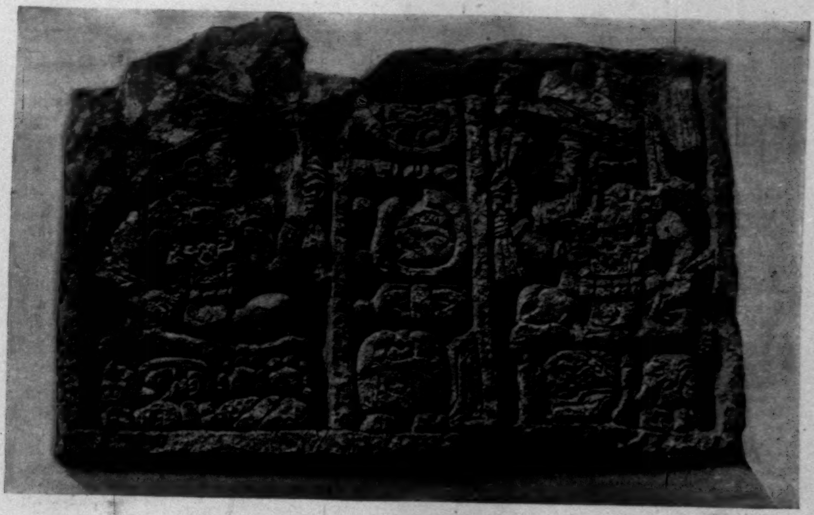
ENTRANCE TO A TOMB.

RANGE OF SEATS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE GREAT PLAZA.

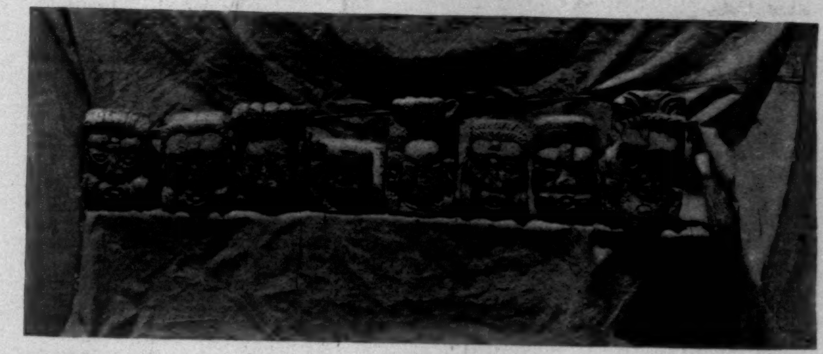
UNCOVERING A BURIED CITY—RECENT WORK OF THE PEABODY MUSEUM AT COPAN, HONDURAS.—[See Page 879.]


Mound 20.
Mound 21.
Cemented floor.
Cemented floor.

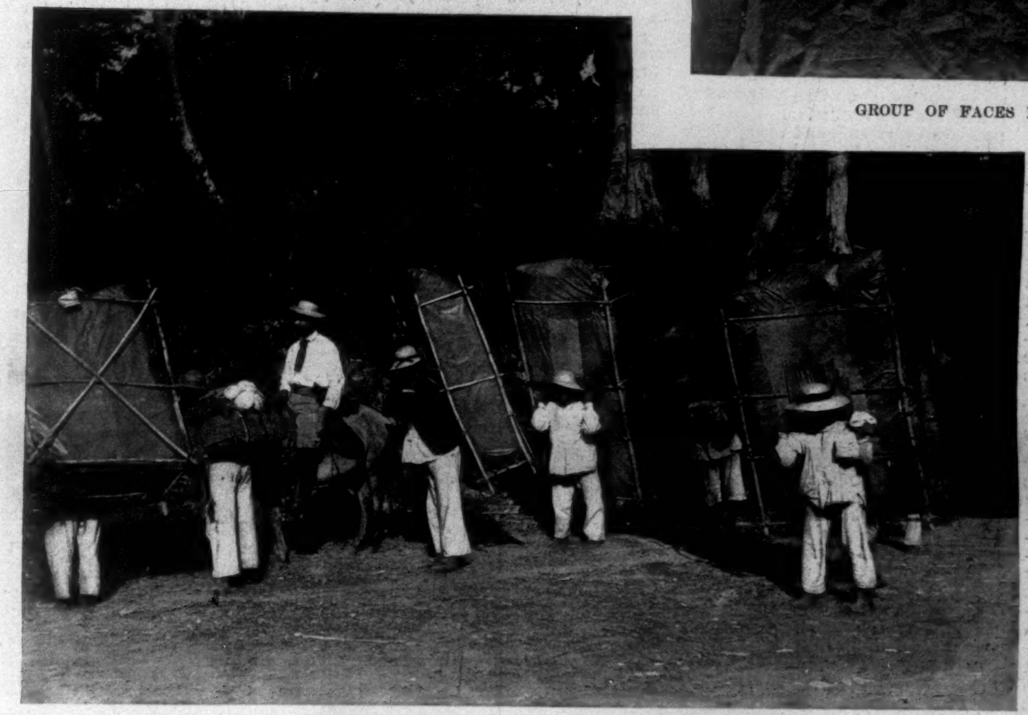
MAIN STRUCTURE ON WHICH THE TEMPLES WERE BUILT.



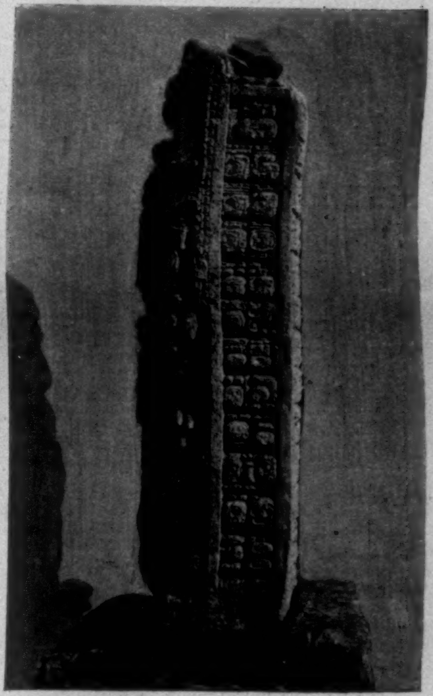
AN ALTAR.



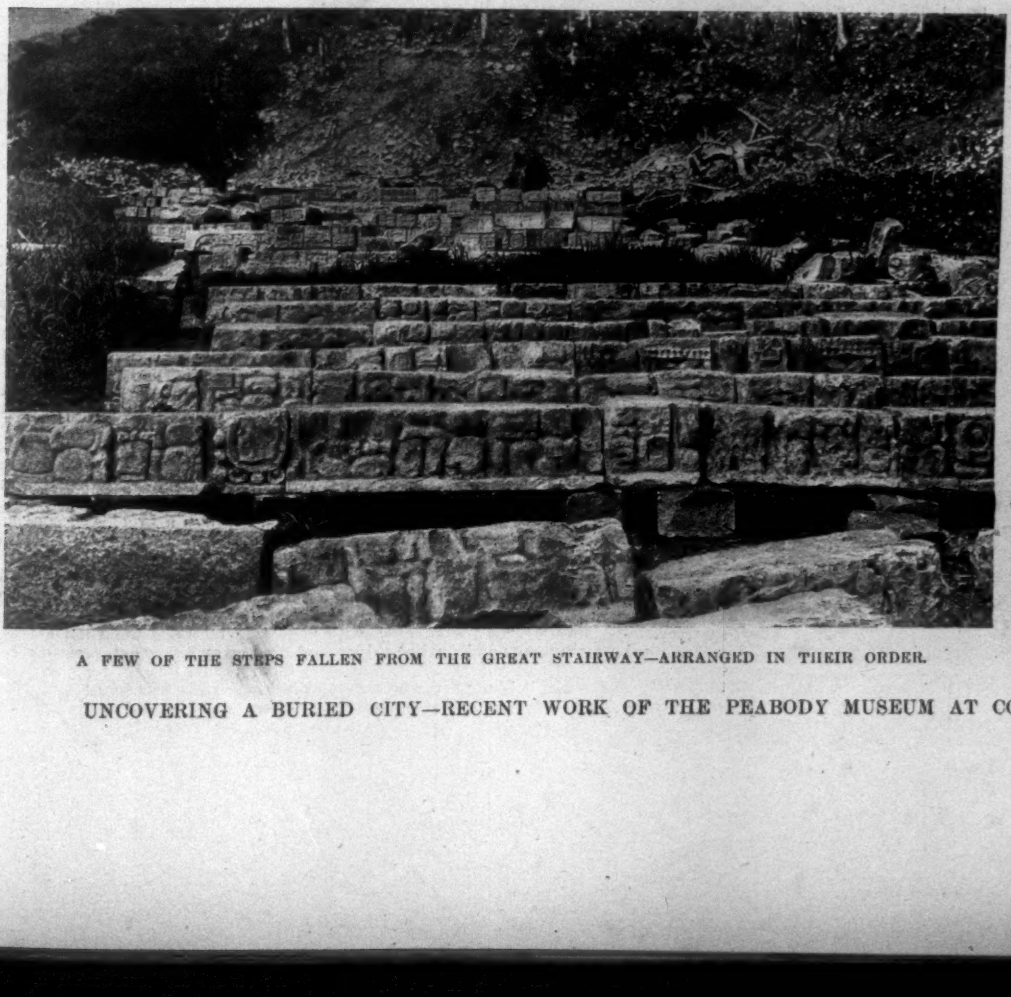
GROUP OF FACES FROM THE RUINS OF A HOUSE.



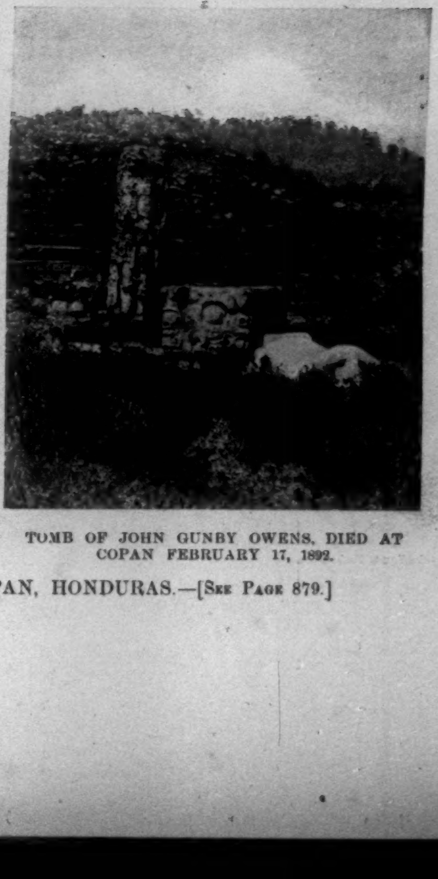
TRANSPORTING MOULDS OF THE CARVINGS TO THE SEA-COAST.



A MONOLITH—SIDE VIEW.

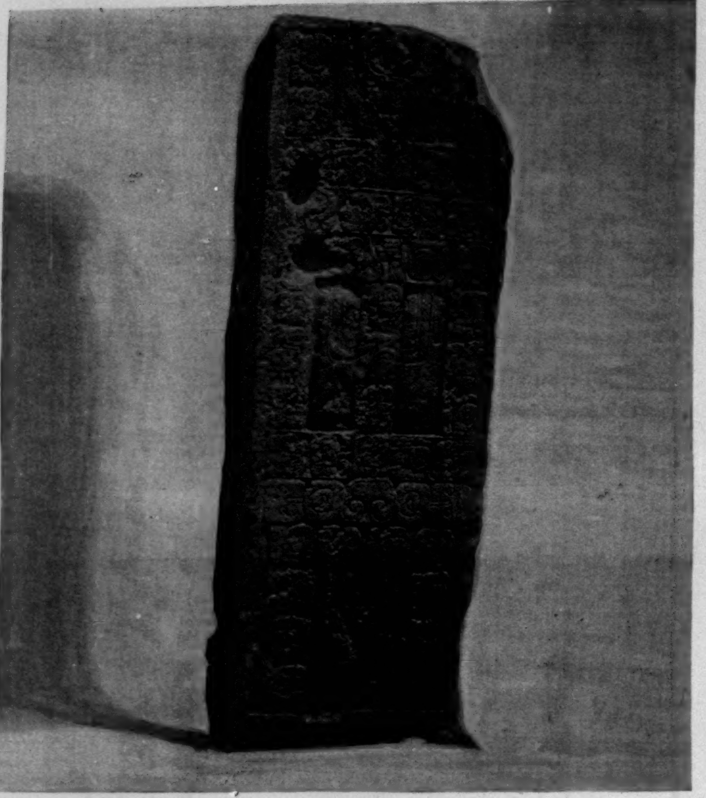


A FEW OF THE STEPS FALLEN FROM THE GREAT STAIRWAY—ARRANGED IN THEIR ORDER.



TOMB OF JOHN GUNBY OWENS, DIED AT COPAN FEBRUARY 17, 1892.

UNCOVERING A BURIED CITY—RECENT WORK OF THE PEABODY MUSEUM AT COPAN, HONDURAS.—[See Page 879.]



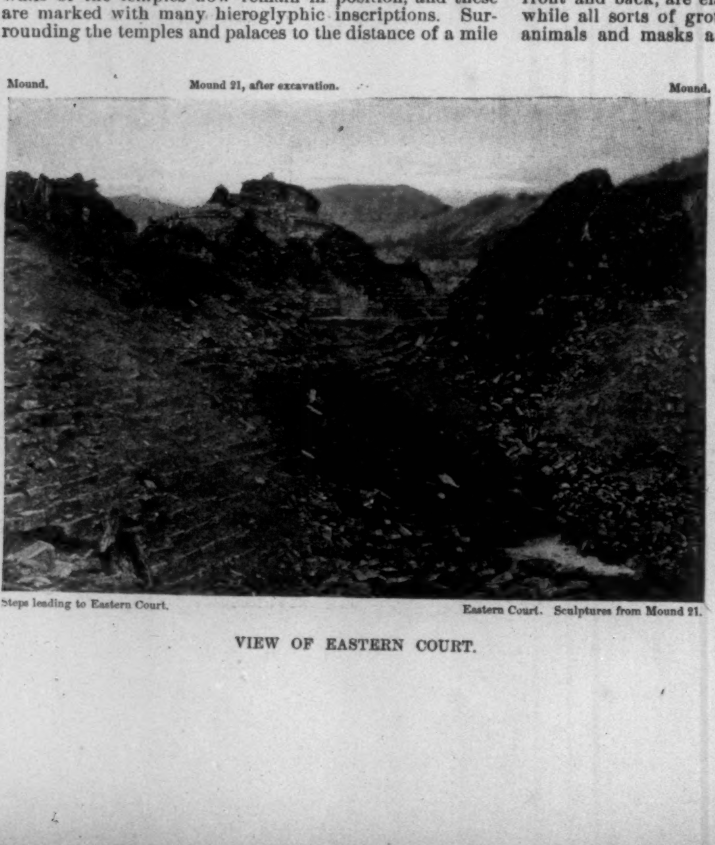
BACK OF ONE OF THE CARVED MONOLITHS.

commission to Central America. Mr. Stevens spent some time at Copan, and devotes considerable space to a description of the ruins in his *Incidents of Travel in Central America.* Owing to the dense forests that hid the city at that time, this author's account is necessarily incomplete, and in some particulars erroneous.

The real character of the principal structures was first understood by Mr. Alfred Maudsley, an Englishman, who visited Copan in 1885. His was the initial attempt at an extensive and careful exploration. He made a number of excavations, and took with him to England a set of moulds of the principal monuments, from which casts have been made and exhibited in the South Kensington Museum and the Archæological Museum at Cambridge. In 1893 Mr. Maudsley went again to Copan, as the representative of the Peabody Museum. He made some more excavations, and brought a number of moulds back with him to Boston.

In 1891 the Peabody Museum, through the efforts of Mr. Charles P. Bowditch, acquired the care of the antiquities of Honduras from the government of that country for the period of ten years, with the right of taking away one-half of the objects found in the excavations. It was planned to send an expedition to Copan during the dry season of each year; and to further this purpose a committee was appointed, consisting of Mr. Charles P. Bowditch, Mr. Francis C. Lowell, and Professor F. W. Putnam, curator of the museum. The first expedition was sent out in 1891. The work of this and of subsequent expeditions has been rich in results, but I can only outline briefly what they have accomplished, after saying a few words about Copan itself.

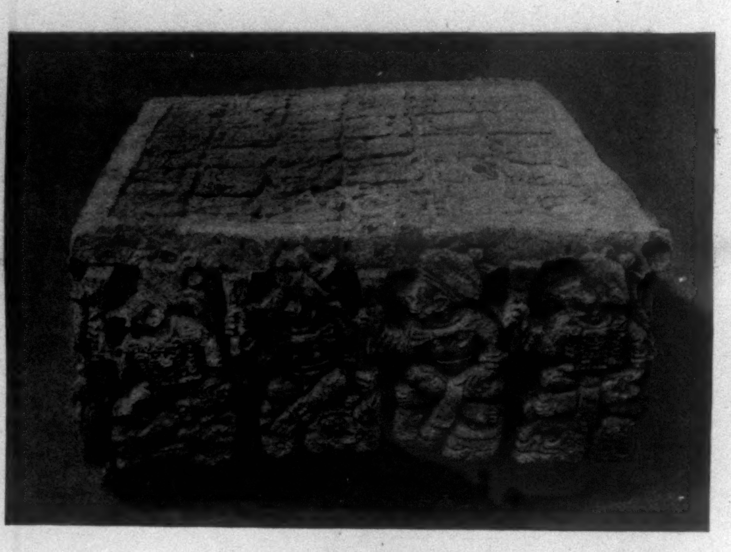
In the central part of the ruins of Copan are the great pyramidal foundations on which the temples arose. The principal ruins are grouped about a main structure, a vast irregular pile, rising from the plain in steps and terraces, and terminating in huge terraced elevations, each topped by the remains of a temple. The summit of the highest of these is about one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the river which laps the foundations of the fallen structures. Only the foundations and parts of the lower walls of the temples now remain in position, and these are marked with many hieroglyphic inscriptions. Surrounding the temples and palaces to the distance of a mile or more on every side are the remains of stone houses, probably the dwellings of the nobles and wealthier citizens, and beyond these are found innumerable stone foundations without any remains of superstructure. It is conjectured that on these stood wooden houses, the dwellings of the poorer classes, of which every trace has disappeared.


Mound.
Mound 21, after excavation.
Mound.
Steps leading to Eastern Court.
Eastern Court. Sculptures from Mound 21.

VIEW OF EASTERN COURT.

So far the Peabody expeditions have confined their attention to the temples and palaces, and though for several seasons quite a little army of natives has been engaged in excavating, yet the work that has been accomplished amounts to little in comparison with that which remains to be done. To clear the main structure alone will be the work of years. Indeed, such a bewildering maze of ruins still remains to be excavated and explored that all that has been accomplished appears but to be a little scratching on the surface. Could the vast structures be restored, our greatest buildings would seem as pygmies in comparison; and certainly no city of the modern world could boast such a profuseness and richness of carved and sculptured ornamentations.

The illustration shows a series of steps taken from a stairway recently discovered. This stairway is thirty feet in width, and ascends to the top of a pyramid one hundred and thirty feet in height. Each step is carved along the entire face with a row of hieroglyphs. A grand parapet, elaborately decorated with sculptures, ran up and down on either side, while at different heights in the centre of the steps statues of men in gorgeous attire were seated, one above the other. It is Professor Putnam's intention to preserve every step and every piece of sculpture of this stairway, either in original or in cast, and to reproduce the whole structure at the Peabody Museum. When this is accomplished, the visitor to the museum who examines also the already large collection of sculptures and moulds taken from Copan will be able to form some faint idea of the grandeur and architectural splendor of the ancient city.



A CARVED ALTAR.

Surrounded by ranges of steps or seats which enclose it on all sides but the southern, is what is known as the great plaza of Copan. This has the appearance of an amphitheatre, and within it are thirteen monolithic monuments elaborately carved, each having in front of it a sculptured block of stone, evidently an altar. Six of the monuments are standing in upright positions, but the rest are fallen idols. The dauntless six have maintained their positions for centuries, for they are accurately described by Palacio in the letter before mentioned. The fallen ones were buried beneath débris and rubbish, and were rescued by the Peabody expedition. The monuments average about twelve feet in height and three in breadth and thickness, and are cut from trachyte rock. On the front of each, and sometimes on both front and back, are elaborately decorated human figures, while all sorts of grotesque representations of men and animals and masks and feather-work chase each other and are intricately interlaced upon the monuments. The backs of these, and also sometimes the sides, are covered with hieroglyphs. Until they are deciphered it cannot be determined whether the human figures are intended to represent deities or heroes or are portraits of rulers or priests. In some instances vaults have been found beneath the monuments; they are constructed of squared stones laid without mortar, and are strong and well made. Some pottery—vases and jars and ornaments—have been found here.

The altars in front of the monoliths are also elaborately decorated for the most part, though some of them are plain circular stones with some hieroglyphs engraved upon them. A small basin is cut in the centre, with a channel running from it, evidently to allow for the flowing of blood from the sacrifice.

Among the monuments and altars a gleaming white tomb is conspicuous. But it is not the resting-place of one of the ancients; it does not belong to old Copan. There is an infinite pathos about it, because it is a comparatively new-made grave surrounded by monuments hoary with the age of centuries. It is the grave of Professor John Gunby Owens, who had charge of the second Peabody expedition—that of 1892—and who died at Copan during that year.

It was on an anniversary of the death of Mr. Owens that our little colony gathered about his tomb; no rites of any kind had theretofore been held above it. It was one of those intensely brilliant moonlight nights that are known only in tropical climes—so bright that the heavens seemed blue as in the day—and far away we could see the Southern Cross hanging low in the sky. The tomb, which is built of white limestone, gleamed in the moonlight, while all about the huge idols and altars and the remains of temples and stairways stood out bold and clear. The ceremonies were of the briefest. Mr. Gordon read a portion of the Episcopal burial service for the dead and delivered a terse eulogy. I closed the exercises by reading an inscription which I had been asked to prepare, and which was subsequently carved upon the tomb.

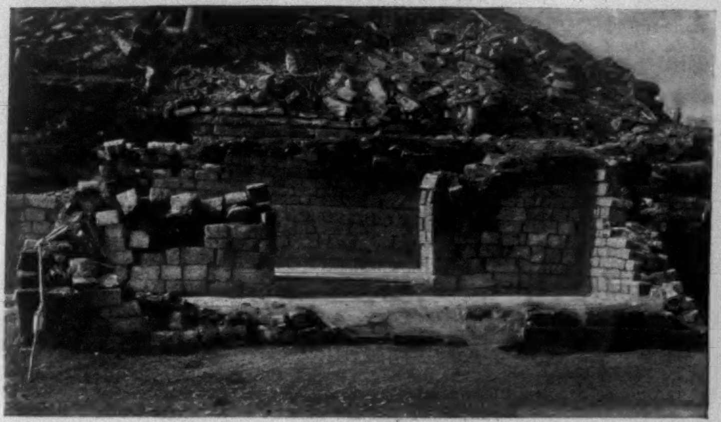
After the death of Mr. Owens, Mr. Gordon took charge of the excavations, and carried out as far as possible the plans of his predecessor. Subsequently he was appointed chief of the Peabody Honduras expedition, and has been in charge of the field-work since.

The plan of operations in the field is as follows: The whole area on which any remains are found has been divided into square sections. Before a detailed examination is begun on any particular group of ruins or locality it is carefully surveyed and located on an outline map of all the ruins. Each group of structures is thus assigned to its proper place on the map, which, when completed, will represent with exactness the whole site of the city, the shape and character of its structures, and the natural topography of the valley. Whenever sculptured monuments or hieroglyphic inscriptions are found, they are both photographed and moulded in paper or plaster, to be reproduced in the museum at Cambridge for further investigation and study. The paper moulds that have been made of the great monuments were carried to the coast of Guatemala on the backs of Indians. A great number of the sculptures themselves have been sent to the museum, together with vases, pottery, sections of skeletons, etc. The smaller pieces were taken to the coast on mules; the heavier ones were hauled on improvised carts by men over the rough bridle-paths for a distance of sixty leagues across the mountains to a river, whence they were floated to the coast.

So far all the buildings that have been explored are of the nature of palaces and temples. In exploring them the exterior of the walls was laid bare. These are always buried beneath an immense pile of débris from the toppling over of the upper parts of the buildings and the accumulated vegetable rubbish of centuries. Then the material is removed carefully from the interior. The chambers that have so far been cleared have been so bare of household goods as to suggest a voluntary abandonment of the city by its inhabitants. The only vessels found in the temples were huge stone urns decorated with grotesque figures and elaborate symbolisms. It has been suggested by some that these may have been incense-burners.

The interiors of the walls were covered with a coat of plaster and decorated with stucco ornaments. Images, faces resembling portraits, and a variety of curious ornamentations of beautiful workmanship have been found where they had fallen from the interior walls. The stucco and the plaster covering the walls were decorated with various colors. The exteriors of the buildings were elaborately ornamented with statuary, figures of men, and of animals. A curious figure of a feathered serpent is to be found entwining itself everywhere upon buildings and monuments. It can be truly said of Copan that "the trail of the serpent is over it all." But no really natural representation of a serpent has been discovered, and serpent-worship had probably antedated the development of Central American art. When the temples of Copan were built, the serpent, though still retained in the decorative sculpture, had passed through a process of conventionalism and exaggeration in which the sacred character is lost, and it remains merely as a symbol.

During the progress of the excavations made by the last Peabody expedition Mr. Gordon discovered a stone pavement at the southern end of the great plaza. It was covered with vegetable mould more than a foot deep; when this was cleared away square stones were revealed neatly cut and fitted together. By removing some of these and digging downwards he came to the walls and chambers of a building more ancient than and of a different



EASTERN SECTION OF ONE OF THE MOUNDS, SHOWING A BUILDING WITH TWO ROOMS.

character from those now above the surface. Here were found tablets inscribed with characters varying materially from those on the known monuments. In the adjoining structures above-ground were found blocks of stone, used in the construction, which had evidently been cut from older sculptures. All this points to successive periods of occupation, of which there are other evidences; but for the present such questions must be left for more extended exploration and study to determine. If the structures now above-ground are so ancient as to be lost to the memory of man, what must be the age of those that in all probability had been buried and lost to sight when the former were constructed?

Although a thorough exploration of the valley of Copan has been made in search of the ancient burying-place, only a few isolated tombs have been found, and these give indications of great antiquity. The tombs were in the form of small chambers, but the skeletons had almost entirely disappeared, and only a few fragments were preserved, with the greatest difficulty. Teeth were found in which cavities were filled with a hard green stone. Could more perfect skeletons be found, they would furnish data for determining the origin of the people. When some of the dwelling-houses shall have been excavated much valuable information may be expected concerning the private lives of the inhabitants. For a great deal can be learned from material relics about the religion, art, manners, and customs of a people. Should the hieroglyphs of Copan never reveal their secrets, much knowledge can be gleaned from other sources, though the history of the people should never be known.

Though grave difficulties are in the way, there is hope that the hieroglyphs will erelong be translated. Experts are at work both here and abroad making comparative studies of the characters reproduced from inscriptions on the walls and on the monuments of Copan.

Within the past few years two ancient books written in Maya characters have been discovered, one in Dresden, the other in Florence. Their history is unknown, but it is believed that they were sent from some place in Yucatan by Spanish priests, and had been buried on dusty shelves ever since. These are known as the Maya codices, and are the only books of the ancient Mayas that have come down to us. A great number of Maya myths, however, have been preserved in Spanish by the early missionaries, chiefly by Sahagun. He mastered thoroughly the spoken language of the Mayas, but unfortunately did not consider it worth while to make himself acquainted with their writing. It is by means of this mythology learned by Sahagun and his brother priests from the Indians themselves, taken in conjunction with the codices which are supposed to record some of the myths, that scholars hope to get a clew to the writing. The great profusion of inscriptions upon Maya walls and monuments but lends incentive to this work.

[Note.—The readers of the Weekly will doubtless recall Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem called "Recessional," of which the following is the first stanza.—Ed. Weekly.]

JUBILEE.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
    Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
    Lest we forget—lest we forget!

THE UNKNOWN GOD.*

When, overarched by gorgeous night,
  I wave my trivial self away;
When all I was to all men's sight
  Shares the erasure of the day;
Then do I cast my cumbering load,
Then do I gain a sense of God.

Not him that with fantastic boasts
  A sombre people dreamed they knew;
The mere barbaric God of Hosts
  That edged their sword and braced their thew;
A God they pitted 'gainst a swarm
Of neighbor Gods less vast of arm;

A God like some imperious King,
  Wroth, were his realm not duly awed;
A God forever hearkening
  Unto his self-commanded laud;
A God forever jealous grown
Of carven wood and graven stone;

A God from whom obsequious knees
  Woo'd, if he raged, a fitful truce;
A God, perchance, by some degrees,
  Nobler than Odin or than Zeus;
Withal, of kindred seed and line;
Man's giant shadow, hailed divine.

O streaming worlds, O crowded sky,
  O life, and mine own soul's abyss,
Myself am scarce so small that I
  Should bow to Deity like this!
This my begetter? This was what
Man in his violent youth begot.

The God I know of, I shall ne'er
  Know, though he dwells exceeding nigh.
Raise thou the stone and find me there,
  Cleave thou the wood and there am I.
Yea, in my flesh his spirit doth flow,
Too near, too far, for me to know.

Whate'er my deeds, I am not sure
  That I can pleasure him, or vex:
I that must use a speech so poor
  It narrows the supreme with sex.
Notes he the good or ill in man?
To hope he cares is all I can.

I hope—with fear. For did I trust
  This vision granted me at birth,
The sire of heaven would seem less just
  Than many a faulty man of earth.
And so he seems indeed! But then,
I trust it not, this bounded ken.

And dreaming much, I never dare
  To dream that in my prisoned soul
The flutter of a trembling prayer
  Can move the Mind that is the Whole.
Though kneeling nations watch and yearn,
Does the primordial purpose turn?

Best by remembering God, say some,
  We keep our high imperial lot.
Fortune, I fear, hath oftenest come
  When we forgot—when we forgot!
A lovelier faith their happier crown,
But history laughs and weeps it down!

Know they not well, how seven times seven,
  Wronging our mighty arms with rust,
We dared not do the work of heaven
  Lest heaven should hurl us in the dust?
The work of heaven! 'Tis waiting still
The sanction of the heavenly will.

Unmeet to be profaned by praise
  Is he whose coils the world enfold:
The God on whom I ever gaze,
  The God I never once behold:
Above the cloud, beneath the clod:
The Unknown God, the Unknown God.

William Watson.

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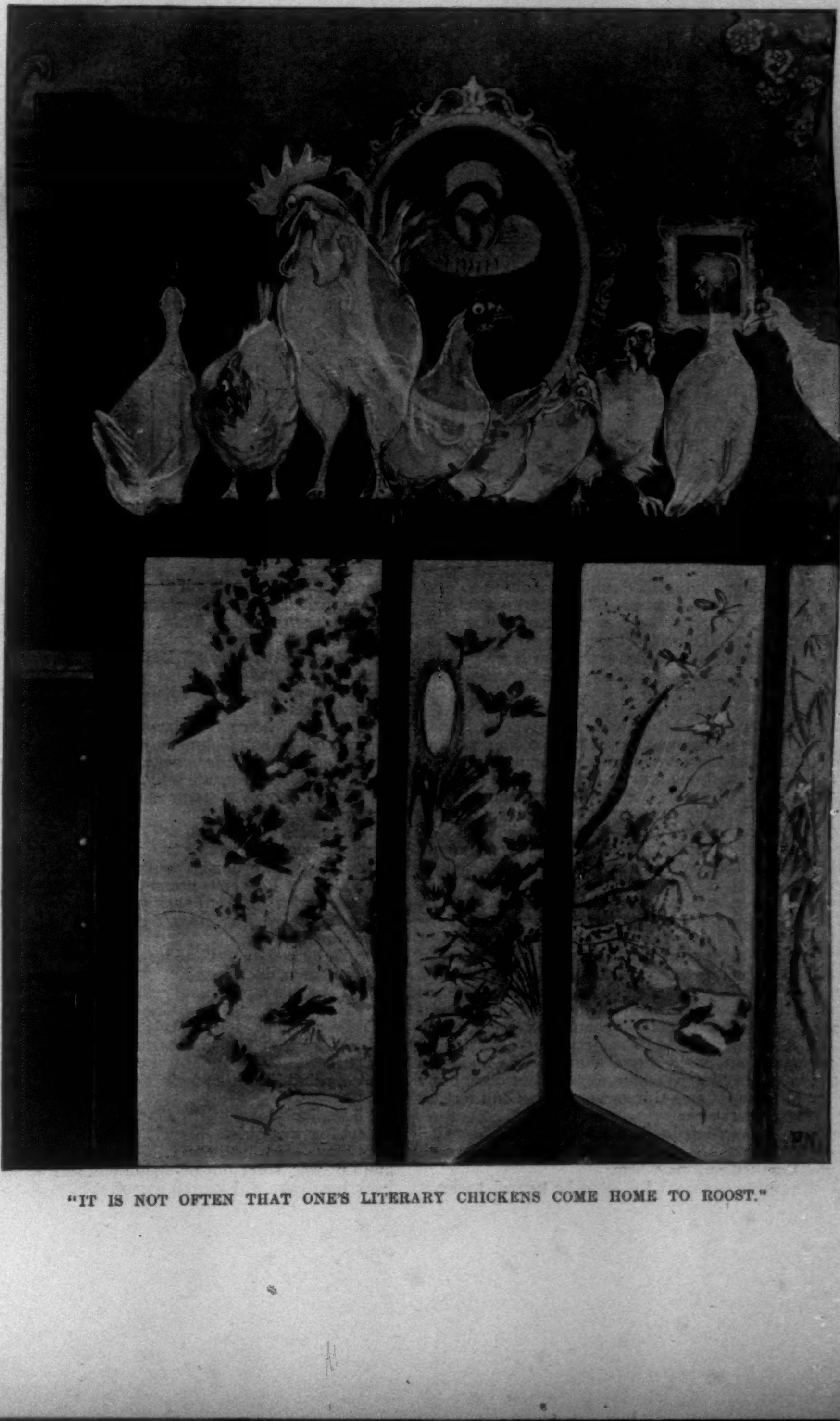
THE MYSTERY OF BARNEY O'ROURKE.

From the Annals of a Haunted House.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

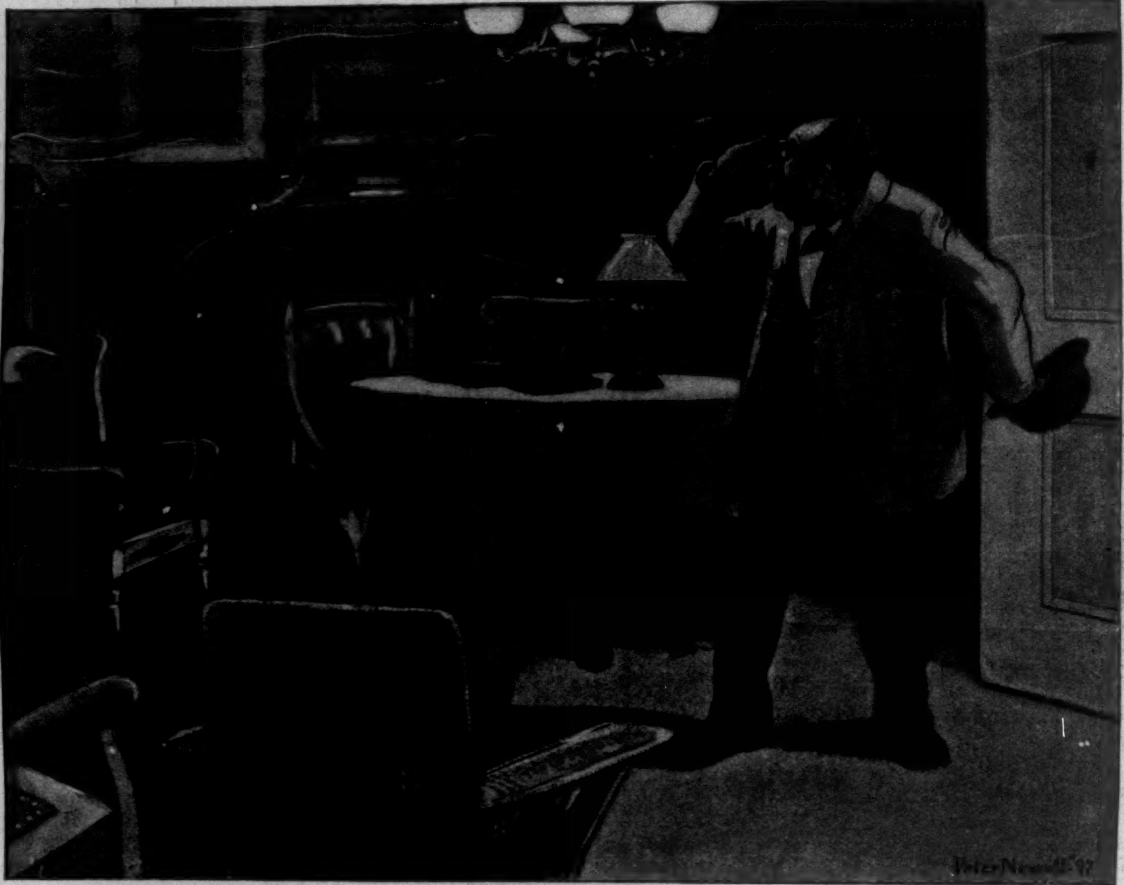
A VERY irritating thing has happened. My hired man, a certain Barney O'Rourke, an American citizen of much political influence, a good gardener, and, according to his lights, a gentleman, has got very much the best of me, and all because of certain effusions which from time to time have emanated from my pen. It is not often that one's literary chickens come home to roost in such a vengeful fashion as some of mine have recently done, and I have no doubt that as this story progresses he who reads will find much sympathy for me rising up in his breast. As the matter stands I am torn with conflicting emotions. I am very fond of Barney, and I have always found him truthful hitherto, but exactly what to believe now I hardly know.

The main thing to bring my present trouble upon me, I am forced to believe, is the fact that my house has been in the past, and may possibly still be, haunted. Why my house should be haunted at all I do not know, for it has never been the scene of any tragedy that I am aware of. I built it myself, and it is paid for. So far as I am aware, nothing awful of a material nature has ever happened within its walls, and yet it appears to be, for the present at any rate, a sort of club-house for inconsiderate if not strictly horrid things, which is a most unfair dispensation of the fates, for I have not deserved it. If I



"IT IS NOT OFTEN THAT ONE'S LITERARY CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST."

were in any sense a Bluebeard, and spent my days cutting ladies' throats as a pastime; if I had a pleasing habit of inviting friends up from town over Sunday, and dropping them into oubliettes connecting my library with dark, dank, and snaky subterranean dungeons; if guests who dine at my house came with a feeling that the chances were they would never return to their families alive—it might be different. I shouldn't and couldn't blame a house for being haunted if it were the dwelling-place of a bloodthirsty ruffian such as I have indicated, but that is just what it is not. It is not the home of a lover of fearful crimes. I would not walk ten feet for the pleasure of killing any man, no matter who he is. On the contrary, I would walk twenty feet to avoid doing it, if the emergency should ever arise, ay, even if it were that fiend who sits next me at the opera and hums the opera through from beginning to end. There have been times, I must confess, when I have wished I might have had the oubliettes to which I have referred constructed beneath my library and leading to the coal-bins or to some long-forgotten well, but that was two or three years ago, when I was in politics for a brief period, and delegations of willing and thirsty voters were daily and nightly swarming in through every one of the sixteen doors on the ground-floor of my house, which my architect, in a riotous moment, smuggled into the plans in the guise of "French windows." I shouldn't have minded then if the earth had opened up and swallowed my whole party, so long as I did not have to go with them, but under such provocation as I had I do not feel that my residence is justified in being haunted after its present fashion because such a notion entered my mind. We cannot help our thoughts, much less our notions, and punishment for that which we cannot help is not in strict accord with latter-day ideas of justice. It may occur to some hypercritical person to suggest that the English language has frequently been murdered in my den, and that it is its horrid corse which is playing havoc at my home, crying out to heaven and flaunting its bloody wounds in the face of my conscience, but I can pass such an aspersion as that by with contemptuous silence, for even if it were true it could not be set down as wilful assassination on my part, since no sane person who needs a language as much as I do would ever in cold blood kill any one of the many that lie about us. Furthermore, the English language is not dead. It may not be met with often in these days, but it is still encountered with sufficient frequency in the works of Henry James and Miss Libby to prove that it still lives; and I am told that one or two members of our consular service abroad can speak it—though as for this I cannot write with certainty, for I have never encountered one of these exceptions to the general rule.



"SIX IMPTY CHAIRS, SORR, WID SIX SEGYARS AS HOIGH UP FROM THE FLURE AS A MAN'S MOUT'."

The episode with which this narrative has to deal is interesting in some ways, though I doubt not some readers will prove sceptical as to its realism. There are suspicious minds in the world, and with these every man who writes of truth must reckon. To such I have only to say that it is my desire and intention to tell the truth as simply as it can be told by James, and as truthfully as Sylvanus Cobb ever wrote!

Now, then, the facts of my story are these:

In the latter part of last July, expecting a meeting of friends at my house in connection with a question of the good government of the city in which I honestly try to pay my taxes, I ordered one hundred cigars to be delivered at my residence. I ordered several other things at the same time, but they have nothing whatever to do with this story, because they were all—every single bottle of them—consumed at the meeting; but of the cigars, about which the strange facts of my story cluster, at the close of the meeting a goodly two dozen remained. This is surprising, considering that there were quite six of us present, but it is true. Twenty-four by actual count remained when the last guest left me. The next morning I and my family took our departure for a month's rest in the mountains. In the hurry of leaving home, and the worry of looking after three children and four times as many trunks, I neglected to include the cigars in my impedimenta, leaving them in the opened box upon my library table. It was careless of me, no doubt, but it was an important incident, as the sequel shows. The incidents of the stay in the hills were commonplace, but during my absence from home strange things were going on there, as I learned upon my return.

The place had been left in charge of Barney O'Rourke, who, upon my arrival, assured me that everything was all right, and I thanked and paid him.

"Wait a minute, Barney," I said, as he turned to leave me; "I've got a cigar for you." I may mention incidentally that in the past I had kept Barney on very good terms with his work by treating him in a friendly, sociable way, but, to my great surprise, upon this occasion he declined advances.

His face flushed very red as he observed that he had given up smoking.

"Well, wait a minute, anyhow," said I. "There are one or two things I want to speak to you about." And I went to the table to get a cigar for myself.

The box was empty!

Instantly the suspicion which has doubtless flashed through the mind of the reader flashed through my own—Barney had been tempted, and had fallen. I recalled his blush, and on the moment realized that in all my vast experience with hired men in the past I had never seen one blush before. The case was clear. My cigars had gone to help Barney through the hot summer.

"Well, I declare!" I cried, turning suddenly upon him. "I left a lot of cigars here when I went away, Barney."

"I know ye did, sorr," said Barney, who had now grown white and rigid. "I saw them meself, sorr. There was twinty-foor of 'em."

"You counted them, eh?" I asked, with an elevation of my eyebrows which to those who know me conveys the idea of suspicion.

"I did, sorr. In your absence I was responsible for everyt'ing here, and the mornin' ye wint awaa I took a quick invintery, sorr, of the removables," he answered, fingering his cap nervously. "That's how it was, sorr, and thim twinty-foor segyars was lyin' there in the box forninst me eyes."

"And how do you account for the removal of these removables, as you call them, Barney?" I asked, looking coldly at him. He saw he was under suspicion, and he winced, but pulled himself together in an instant.

"I expected the question, sorr," he said, calmly, "and I have me answer ready. Thim segyars was shmoked, sorr."

"Doubtless," said I, with an ill-suppressed sneer. "And by whom? Cats?" I added, with a contemptuous shrug of my shoulders.

His answer overpowered me, it was so simple, direct, and unexpected.

"Shpooks," he replied, laconically.

I gasped in astonishment, and sat down. My knees simply collapsed under me, and I could no more have continued to stand up than fly.

"What?" I cried, as soon as I had recovered sufficiently to gasp out the word.

"Shpooks," replied Barney. "Ut came about like this, sorr. It was the Froiday two wakes afther you left, I became un'asy loike along about noine o'clock in the avenin', and I t'ought I'd come around here and see if everyt'ing was sthraight. Me wife sez ut's foolish of me, sorr, and I sez maybe so, but I can't get ut out o' me head thot somet'ing's wrong.

"'Ye locked everyt'ing up safe whin ye left?' sez she.

"'I always does,' sez I.

"'Thin ut's a phwhim,' sez she.

"'No,' sez I. 'Ut's a sinsation. If ut was a phwim, ut 'd be youse as would hov' it;' that's what I sez, severely loike, sorr, and out I shtarts. It was tin o'clock whin I got here. The noight was dark and blowin' loike March, rainin' and t'underin' till ye couldn't hear yourself t'ink.

"I walked down the walk, sorr, an' barrin' the t'under everyt'ing was quiet. I troid the dures. All toight as a politician. Shtill, t'inks I, I'll go insoide. Quiet as a lamb ut was, sorr; but on a suddent, as I was about to go back home again, I shmelt shmoke!"

"Fire?" I cried, excitedly.

"I said shmoke, sorr," said Barney, whose calmness was now beautiful to look upon, he was so serenely confident of his position.

"Doesn't smoke involve a fire?" I demanded.

"Sometimes," said Barney. "I t'ought ye meant a conflagrashun, sorr. The shmoke I shmelt was segyars."

"Ah," I observed. "I am glad you are coming to the point. Go on. There *is* a difference."

"There is thot," said Barney, pleasantly, he was getting along so swimmingly. "This shmoke, as I say, was segyar shmoke, so I gropes me way cautious loike up the back sthairs and listens by the library dure. All quiet as a lamb. Thin, bold loike, I shteps into the room, and nearly drops wid the shcare I have on me in a minute. The room was dark as a b'aver hat, sorr, but in different shpots ranged round in the chairs was six little red balls of foire!"

"Barney!" I cried.

"Thrue, sorr," said he. "And tobacky shmoke rollin' out till you'd 'a' t'ought there was a foire in a segyar-store! Ut quccred me, sorr, for a minute, and me impulse is to run; but I gets me courage up, springs across the room, touches the electhric button, an' bzt! every gas-jet on the flure loights up!"

"That was rash, Barney," I put in, sarcastically.

"It was in your intherest, sorr," said he, impressively.

"And you saw what?" I queried, growing very impatient.

"What, I hope niver to see again, sorr," said Barney, compressing his lips solemnly. "*Six impty chairs*, sorr, wid six segyars as hoigh up from the flure as a man's mout', puffin' and a-blowin' out shmoke loike a chimbley! An' ivery oncet in a whoile the segyars would go down kind of an' be tapped loike as if wid a finger of a shmoker, and the ashes would fall off onto the flure!"

"Well?" said I. "Go on. What next?"

"I wanted to run awaa, sorr, but I shtood rutted to the shpot wid th' surproise I had on me, until foinally ivery segyar was burnt to a shtub and trun into the foireplace, where I found 'em the nixt mornin' when I came to clane up, provin' ut wasn't ony dhrame I'd been havin'."

I arose from my chair and paced the room for two or three minutes, wondering what I could say. Of course the man was lying, I thought. Then I pulled myself together.

"Barney," I said, severely, "what's the use? Do you expect me to believe any such cock-and-bull story as that?"

"No, sorr," said he. "But thim's the facts."

"Do you mean to say that this house of mine is haunted?" I cried.

"I don't know," said Barney, quietly. "I didn't t'ink so before."

"Before? Before what? When?" I asked.

"Whin you was writin' shtories about ut, sorr," said Barney, respectfully. "You've had a black horse-hair sofy turn white in a single noight, sorr, for the soight of horror ut's witnessed. You've had the hair of your own head shtand on ind loike tinpenny nails at what you've seen here in this very room, yourself, sorr. You've had ghosts doin' all sorts of t'ings in the shtories you've been writin' for years, and *you've always swore they was thrue, sorr.* I didn't believe 'em when I read 'em, but whin I see thim segyars bein' shmoked up before me eyes by invisbible t'ings, I sez to meself, sez I, the boss ain't such a dommed loiar afther all. I've follyd your writin', sorr, very careful and close loike; I don't see how, afther the tales you've told about your own experiences right here, you can say consishtently that this wan o' mine ain't so!"

"But why, Barney," I asked, to confuse him, "when a thing like this happened, didn't you write and tell me?"

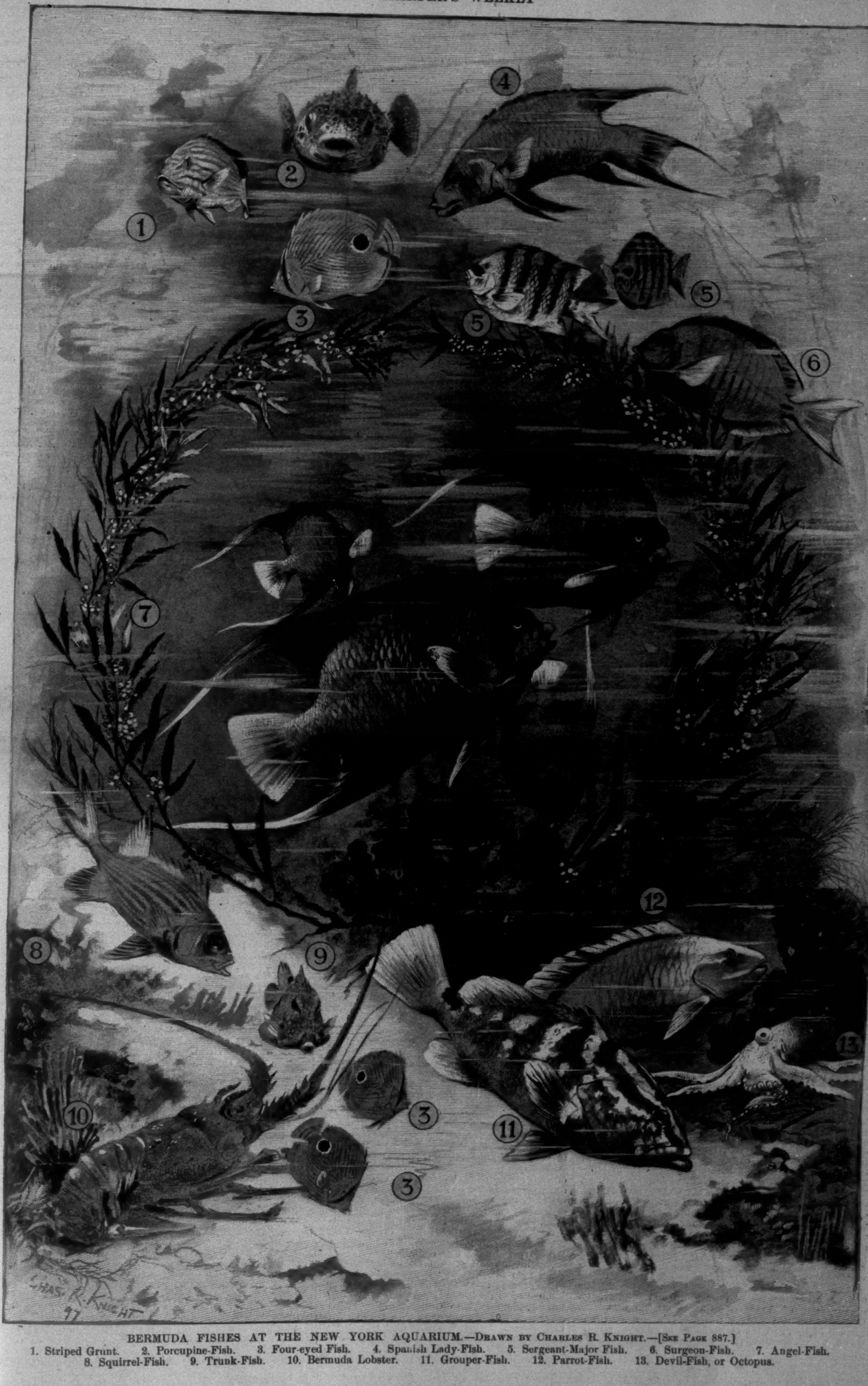
Barney chuckled as only one of his species can chuckle.

"Wroite an' tell ye?" he cried. "Be gorry, sorr, if I could wroite at all at all, ut's not you oi'd be wroitin' that tale to, but to the iditor of the paper that you wroite for. A tale loike that is wort' tin dollars to any man, eshpecially if ut's thrue. But I niver learned the art!"

And with that Barney left me overwhelmed. Subsequently I gave him the ten dollars which I think his story is worth, but I must confess that I am in a dilemma. After what I have said about my supernatural guests, I cannot discharge Barney for lying, but I'll be blest if I can quite believe that his story is accurate in every respect.

If there should happen to be among the readers of this tale any who have made a sufficiently close study of the habits of hired men and ghosts to be able to shed any light upon the situation, nothing would please me more than to hear from them.

I may add, in closing, that Barney has resumed smoking.



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CHAS. R. KNIGHT 97

BERMUDA FISHES AT THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.—Drawn by Charles R. Knight.—[See Page 887.]
1. Striped Grunt. 2. Porcupine-Fish. 3. Four-eyed Fish. 4. Spanish Lady-Fish. 5. Sergeant-Major Fish. 6. Surgeon-Fish. 7. Angel-Fish. 8. Squirrel-Fish. 9. Trunk-Fish. 10. Bermuda Lobster. 11. Grouper-Fish. 12. Parrot-Fish. 13. Devil-Fish, or Octopus.

THE TROUBLES IN INDIA.

On June 22, while England was in the throes of the Jubilee celebrations, two Englishmen, Mr. Rand and Lieutenant Ayers, were murdered at Poona. Poona lies about eighty miles to the southeast of Bombay, and was one of the chief sufferers from the plague. It is the centre of the old Mahratta power, once the dominant race of Bengal, and has always been a disaffected city. The murders were thought at first to be due to the intense irritation of the natives at the necessary measures for the segregation of plague patients. British soldiers were very foolishly employed in the work, and at every step they trod heavily on native customs. They had to invade the female apartments, and they had to carry women off to the hospitals, and both offences violated the extreme sanctity of the zenana. A reward of 20,000 rupees was offered for the detection of the murderers, but without the slightest success. The whole city was in a conspiracy to screen them, and it became evident that the murders were the result of an organized plot, instigated by the Brahmins, whose race and caste have been dethroned. It was, in fact, a secret blow struck at British rule, the first outward sign of the disaffection which has spread so rapidly since. The detective who was engaged in the case was murdered in the same mysterious fashion, and the vice-regal government increased the police force at a cost of $75,000 a year to the city, levied as an extra cess on the richer inhabitants, and arrested most of the native editors on the charge of sedition. A week later a riot, which lasted three days and resulted in the death of nearly seven hundred people, broke out among the Mohammedans in Chitpur, a suburb of Calcutta. The trouble was about an alleged desecration of a mosque, and ought to have been crushed at once. But the government authorities were away from the city, and, in the absence of a strong man with full freedom to act, the rioters had it pretty much their own way. The really ominous fact of the disturbance was that the Hindus, the inveterate enemies of the Mohammedans, joined with them in the fray. They cared nothing about the mosque, but they saw a chance of injuring the British, and they took it.

On July 7 came tidings of a rising of the tribesmen in the Tochi Valley, on the border of Afghanistan and India, some one hundred and fifty miles to the southwest of Peshawur. The natives contented themselves mostly with "sniping," desultory skirmishes, and the occasional picking off of a British sentry. Fighting of this casual character has gone on ever since, but the district is comparatively quiet, and no really serious disturbance is feared. Of far more importance was the attack on Malakand Camp, a fortified position dating from August, 1895, when the occupation of Chitral was sanctioned by the Secretary of State. The Upper Swatis, the Bonerwals, and some Hindustani fanatics were stirred up to revolt by the preachings of a mad mullah, one of those religious maniacs who spring up from time to time and throw the Indian government out of joint. Re-enforcements were at once moved to Malakand from Mardan and Peshawur, and by the beginning of August the 6000 natives who had risen were hopelessly driven back to the hills, with the loss of nearly half their number. Hardly had this business been settled when 5000 Mohmand tribesmen began a march on Shabkadar Fort, in Peshawur Valley. They were defeated only after severe fighting. On August 12 the Amir of Afghanistan recalled his agents at Calcutta, Bombay, Simla, and Karachi. The Indian government more than suspected that the Amir had himself incited the tribes to revolt, and a strong letter of remonstrance was sent from Simla. The Amir issued a firman forbidding his subjects to join the rebels, but the tribes continued to explode like successive barrels of gunpowder. On August 18 the Afridis, a fierce, fighting race, who guarded the Khyber Pass for the British in the last Afghan war, broke loose. The Orakzais, a neighboring tribe, revolted on the same day. The Afridis captured Forts Maude, Ali-Musjid, and Lundikotal in quick succession, and by August 27 the entire Khyber Pass was in their hands. At the present time, therefore, there is one British force in the Tochi Valley, three more, at Kohat, Jamrud, and Peshawur, waiting for a decisive engagement with the Afridis, Mohmands, and Orakzais, and a fifth farther up to the northwest, taking care of the Swat Valley. Altogether some 40,000 British troops are on the border.

The murders at Poona and the Calcutta riots may be dismissed as isolated occurrences, interesting as showing the deep but spasmodic hatred felt for British dominion. The rising in the Tochi Valley, too, is probably nothing more than a mere frontier incident. The Swat revolt is more significant, as it was foretold two years ago as the necessary consequence of England's retention of Chitral. The Indian government gave a definite promise, in 1895, that the British troops should be withdrawn from Chitral. That pledge was never carried out, was, indeed, formally abandoned. The consequence is that England maintains at Chitral a small isolated force, with enormous cost and trouble, two hundred miles from her natural frontier, in a mountainous wilderness of rock and snow held by several thousand hostile and exasperated tribesmen. A small affair like the Swati rising cuts off Chitral from all communication with Simla. Never was the Forward Policy less justifiable than it was in this instance. The Indian government pays about $10,000,000 a year for the pleasure of quelling the periodical outbreaks on the northwestern frontier, which the tribes will always make to shake off an authority which has driven a military road through a country it had pledged itself to withdraw from. The Swatis surrounded two outposts within thirty miles of the old frontier, and compelled the government to mobilize 12,000 men at the hottest and unhealthiest season of the year. The plea of Russian aggression has always been the excuse for the Forward Policy; but if England finds it so difficult to maintain her communications, what chance would a Russian army stand, moving continually farther and farther from its basis of operations? Lord Lawrence always protested against any extension north of the mountains, and regarded the Indus as the natural boundary of British rule, and Lord Lawrence was the wisest soldier whom England ever sent to India.

It seems hard to separate the revolt of the Afridis and the attack on the Khyber Pass from the intrigues of the Amir of Afghanistan. The terrible visitations that have afflicted India within the last year—the famine, the plague, and the earthquake—have acted strongly on the superstitions of the natives, and rendered them easily accessible to any form of religious fanaticism. The great revival of Mohammedanism, due in part to the Sultan's victories over Greece, which are industriously magnified into the triumph of Islam over the infidels, has run through the whole of India. The Amir has sent out proclamations, taking unto himself the title of King of Islam, and the natives have been encouraged to believe that a deliverer is at hand to free them from the Christian yoke. The Sultan sent out agents from Constantinople to spread abroad the news of his victories and the triumph of the flag of Moslem. The Indian government even found it necessary to put a stop to the importation of Turkish newspapers. The Amir probably would shrink from an open revolt. He is too old and far-sighted, and too much attached to his $500,000 subsidy to risk an overt rebellion. But that he indulges in a little mild intrigue with the tribes around him is perfectly well known. The attack on Fort Shabkadar was organized in Afghan territory and Afghan regulars took part in it. The mullah who did more than any one else to stir up the Afridis and Mohmands has been for many months in communication with the Amir's general at Jellalabad. These little things prove that the Amir knew quite well what was going on, and was willing that it should continue, provided he was not called upon to burn his fingers. The revolt on the Afghan frontier will be crushed out, as all former revolts have been. With the splendid system of mobilization that India has perfected, any repetition of the mutiny of '57 is impossible. And if the events of the last month open England's eyes to the absurdity of pursuing her Forward Policy any further, they will not have been without their usefulness.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN RUSSIA.

With the aid of Mr. Cumming's sketch and notes, the Weekly is enabled to offer its readers an impression of Emperor William's recent visit to Peterhof.

The voyage to Cronstadt was made in the *Hohenzollern*, and on the arrival of the yacht the Imperial guests were received by the Tsar and Tsaritsa. That was on the morning of Saturday, August 7. In the afternoon the Tsar and Tsaritsa, with the German Emperor and Empress and Prince Henry, proceeded on board the Imperial Russian yacht *Alexandria* to the pier at Peterhof, which they reached at two o'clock. Here they were received by the Guard of Honor, a St. Petersburg infantry regiment which, by a courteous fiction, the German Emperor is supposed to command: the latter accordingly wore their uniform. From the pier their Slavonic and Teutonic majesties drove in an open carriage to the palace, followed by an outrider in white and the open carriage, drawn by four horses, in which the two Empresses sat—on the right side the guest, in lilac gown and large white hat with white plumes. A state banquet was given in the evening, at which were delivered the speeches of Tsar and Emperor that were telegraphed to every quarter of the globe, and everywhere published with comment—but comment so diverse! London attached no marked significance to them; the German papers found intimations in the Emperor's toast of a special hostility to England; Russian papers were willing to assume that Russia could count upon a submissive ally. The fact that stands out quite clearly is that both war-lords gave their pledge as gentlemen and emperors and friends that they would keep the peace in Europe.

The next morning (Sunday, August 8) was passed by the visiting sovereigns in St. Petersburg, where they inspected the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, and opened a new wing of the German Hospital. Later, visits from various ambassadors were received and returned by the Emperor. At half past six in the evening a special ceremony took place at the Krasnoe Selo camp—an hour by rail from Peterhof—continuing until eight o'clock. Tsar and Emperor rode through the camp, past 60,000 Russian infantry drawn up in double lines, the Tsaritsa and Empress following in a carriage, as shown in the drawing on page 876.

And here Mr. Cumming adds certain particulars: "William II. was in uniform as chief of the Wiborg infantry regiment; the Tsar in Preobrajensky uniform; the German Empress in a light water-green dress and long mantle; the Tsaritsa in goldish yellow. The sketch shows a piqueur or outrider between the Emperors and Empresses, and beside the latter rides the Grand-Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch. The German Empress is seated on the right; the Tsaritsa on the left; behind them two Imperial Cossacks and the Minister of the Imperial Court. Stationed just opposite the Imperial tent an orchestra 1000 strong, with 200 drummers, played the German hymn. At this point the Imperial party dismounted and had tea in the tent, the orchestra meanwhile rendering German songs and waltzes, and the new gavotte by William II., entitled *Sang an Aegir*. At 9 P.M. a rocket flashed up and exploded in the air, and, at the signal, in a moment 600 cannon were fired—as a still more emphatic token of the close of the day; and (Mr. Cumming continues), "tattoo was played. Next, the chief drummer commanded, 'Hats off!' Emperors and bystanders complied at once, and with audible voice the drummer read the evening prayer; after which the Russian anthem, *Kol Slaven Bog* was beautifully executed by the enormous band. Then the party left in open carriages."

On Monday morning, August 9, the entire force, numbering 72 battalions of infantry, 43 squadrons of cavalry, 14 Cossack sotnias, with 200 pieces of artillery (all vowed to peace!) was reviewed in camp by the Emperors. Returning in the afternoon by train to Peterhof, the Imperial guests were present at an evening entertainment ingeniously contrived for them on Olgin Ostroff (Olga Island): a new grand ballet, namely, produced "on a stage built up from the water, while the audience sat opposite in artistically constructed ruins, surrounded by old red-oak trees. Connecting the island with the mainland was a specially erected pontoon-bridge, decorated with palms, interspersed with lanterns—bridge and stage all covered with carpet of a fine blue color."

Another day of manœuvres at Krasnoe Selo, and a sham fight in which 20,000 cavalry were engaged; another evening at Peterhof, where were fireworks and illumination of the lower Imperial Gardens; then on Wednesday, August 11, to Cronstadt once more, and then away. As the stately phrase used to be, "Germany" had visited "Russia"; and it may be noted with some curiosity that, before "Germany," "Austria" had come and gone, and after "Germany" had departed, "France" was the next visitor. Thus Russia has entertained her great neighbors in the order of their geographical position, or in a sequence from east to west.

Marrion Wilcox.

THE FLOWER CARNIVAL AT COLORADO SPRINGS.

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PLATT.

The carnival, or parade, or festival, as it is variously called, is becoming a feature of life in many Western cities. In a general way they are somewhat alike, inasmuch as they all partake more or less of the festival spirit. But they are different, each in its own way; and the Colorado Springs carnival is not exactly like anything else of the kind. Its distinctive characteristic is the general participation of the citizens in the festivities. The main feature of the flower parade from the beginning has been the large number of decorated vehicles displayed by the people who live in Colorado Springs, who ride in their own carriages in the parade, gayly decorated with all sorts of flowers, and exhibiting the taste of their owners in their combinations of color and substance.

Last year some artificial flowers were used in decoration, and the effect was so good that this year there were more artificial decorations in the parade than ever before. In fact, there were so many that it was deemed advisable to offer separate prizes for natural and artificial decorations. The prizes given are silk banners.

The grand parade, which occurred on Thursday, August 19, was more than two miles long. First came the military, consisting of the Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., under command of Major A. W. Corliss, about five hundred strong, and a troop of cavalry under command of Captain Fowler. Then came the First Regiment, Colorado National Guard, about two hundred and fifty strong. This was the first division of the parade. The second division included the decorated private vehicles and saddle horses and ponies. It contained the following classes: four-in-hands, spike teams, two-horse four-wheelers, one-horse two-wheelers, one-horse four-wheelers, four-wheel pony traps, two-wheel pony traps, college and school traps, and saddle horses and ponies. The third division included the floats and specialties—everything otherwise unclassed. The fourth was the bicycle division.

The first prize in the college division went to Amherst, and the second to Lafayette. There were ten institutions represented. The Amherst trap was all purple and white, from the horses and their harness to the back seat.

There were so many fine traps in the two-horse four-wheel division this year that a decision among them was extremely difficult; it seemed that there ought to be three or four first prizes, and as many seconds. Most of the traps had the harness wound with satin ribbons.

The bicycle division was also one of the finest in the procession. There were many individual wheels beautifully trimmed, but the best effects were produced with combinations. Three bicycles abreast, ridden by ladies, with a fourth as leader, ribbons reaching from those behind to the one in front, and all trimmed with flowers of the carnival colors—blue, yellow, and white—formed one combination. Another of great beauty was a quartet of riders, supporting two arches reaching diagonally, and from the centre of the arches depending a large bird-cage, in which a little girl sat dressed as a Japanese princess, her outriders being also all in Japanese costume.

Among the floats, that of the local post-office was one of the finest. A large wagon was covered with a wooden frame eight feet high, eight feet broad, and about fourteen feet long. On the side, represented in flowers, was a post-office cancellation-stamp, with the circle and the waving flag all done in the carnival colors.

Another float which drew great applause was that of the Elks. It was drawn by six horses, and on it were a dozen of the members of the local lodge, who gave a minstrel show as the procession went on its way.

There were several Klondike exhibits of a humorous character, one being a burro labelled "Klondike beefsteak, $2 a pound," and another a little dog-cart, with a boy riding in it, and labelled "Klondike or Bust."

But the flower parade is not all there is to the carnival by any means. The festivities extended this year for nearly four days. The horse show was scheduled for Tuesday afternoon, but a heavy shower made it necessary to postpone that until Friday morning, when more than 2000 people were in attendance, and the show was a complete success. Some very fine horses and traps were shown, and the cavalry troop from Fort Logan—part of the Second Regiment—gave an exhibition drill, and afterwards some fancy riding by the "circus" troop. The "regulars" are always favorites here, as everywhere. The exercises of the week began with a concert in the Temple Theatre.

Wednesday was "Military day," and there were evolutions at Broadmoor, about four miles from the city, near the street-car line, by regulars and militia, ending with a sham-battle. Thursday was the great day of the show. After the parade the evening was devoted to a masquerade and ball. This was the first masquerade ball in years, and the first street masquerade ever given here. There was no boisterousness, no rudeness, no disturbance—only everybody had a jolly time. At ten the streets were cleared, and dancing began inside the Temple Theatre. Nobody but maskers was allowed on the floor, while the spectators sat in the galleries.

It is an old saying that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly, and Colorado Springs has been accused of being an English town; but the carnival spirit was dominant all the week, not to say rampant, and the town gave itself up to the occasion. Business was temporarily laid aside. The Mayor proclaimed a half-holiday on Thursday, and the police regulations were modified to suit the occasion, and to allow masking within the limits designated and at the ball.

Such a celebration has more than one good effect. It is an advertisement for the city, of course, and that is not utterly disregarded in getting up the festival. But that is not the main feature at all. The main object is to have a good time. It does a man good once in a while to give himself up and have a jolly time; and this is as true of a city as of an individual. The efforts of the various committees in getting up the various features of the carnival—and more than two hundred people were on the committees, not to speak of the hundreds more who took part, and who helped to decorate and otherwise assisted in the celebration—these common efforts in a common cause tend to bring people together, to make them better acquainted with one another and one another's capabilities and talents, and foster a civic spirit which is of the greatest value to a community.

SUMMER HIGHWAYS.

THE CITY.

Dry clatter on the granite-cobbled street.
A clack of voices, tense and over-keyed.
The jiggle of a child's velocipede.
The patient vender, drowsing on his way—
The white-clad sweeper, toiling listlessly:
And everywhere the dazzle and the heat.

THE COUNTRY.

Tough, pungent weeds that whiten by the road
Where slenderly the tide of travel flows—
The sweating cycler, frowning as he goes—
The nodding farmer, satisfied to trust
His nodding team, and under, in the dust,
The tumbling beetle, toiling with his load.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

BERMUDA FISHES AT THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

During the past two months the visitors to the public Aquarium in Battery Park in New York have had the opportunity of seeing a number of highly colored and strangely shaped fishes that abound in the waters of Bermuda. Readers of Harper's Weekly who remember the old Barnum Museum on the corner of Broadway and Ann Street may recall seeing a few specimens of these fishes which that indefatigable show-man succeeded in bringing at that early day; but they were short-lived, and cost so much that they were not replaced. Later another attempt was made to transport them to the aquarium that existed for a short time on Herald Square, but, as before, the difficulties were too great to call the attempt a success. This year, at the suggestion of Dr. T. H. Bean, Director of the city's Aquarium, and for many years before one of the principal officials of the United States Fish Commission, the writer undertook to make another attempt in connection with the Alumni Biological Expedition sent out by the New York University. Thanks to the advice and co-operation of Dr. Bean the result has been highly successful, as thousands of visitors to the Aquarium will testify.

The Bermudas, or Somers Archipelago, as they are called in all the official documents of the colony, in remembrance of the brave admiral, Sir George, who was wrecked on them over two hundred and seventy-five years ago, lie in mid-ocean, about six hundred miles east of the Carolina coast, and though the islands and rocky islets are perhaps over three hundred in number, they lie in a space of twenty-three miles by three. The rock is entirely of coral formation, the cap of an old mountain-peak which rises solitary out of the deep waters around it. The Gulf Stream flows between the islands and the coast of the United States, and forms a definite boundary of northerly migration to the tropical fishes that abound in the waters of the Bermudas and the West Indies. To the north and west of the islands, at a distance from shore in some directions of ten miles, lie what are known as the outer reefs, a belt of coral rocks, which if they were raised thirty feet or more would form the rest of the atoll so typical of coral islands.

These coral reefs and the many bays and inlets are prime feeding and breeding grounds for fishes, abounding in food and protected from the commotion of storms. The clear water and the variegated coloring of the submarine growths on the reefs are responsible for the wide range of colors found in the fishes, and for another remarkable phenomenon exhibited by them. The visitor to the Aquarium will notice sudden changes in the intensity and shade of the colors as he watches the fish in the tanks, and in some of them this is so marked that they appear like different varieties in their different colors. This change is found to some extent in all fishes, but in the Bermuda varieties it is much more pronounced.

One explanation is that the dull-colored phase renders the fish less conspicuous as it passes over the bare spaces of the bottom, while for the very same reason it is of advantage as a means of concealment among the many-hued sponges, sea fans, and corals to assume quickly a bright color and well-marked pattern of stripes or dots.

The best-known fish of Bermuda is perhaps the angel, shown in the central part of the illustration on page 885. The colors of this exquisite fish are blue—the deep blue of the sky—and bright golden yellow. These blend about the head, showing delicate tints of purple. The long streaming fins and the tails are pure yellow.

Far daintier and much less known is the little "four-eyed" fish, No. 3, shown in the upper part of the illustration. It is a small fish, of brightest yellow, delicately shaded in diagonal bands, while over its head and running directly through its eyes are two bars of deepest black. Near the tail are two black spots, one on either side, which so resemble eyes that they have given the name to the fish. They are not eyes, merely patches of color.

The striped grunt, No. 1, is yellow, with pale lilac bands along the sides. It emits a peculiar sound when taken out of the water. The Spanish lady-fish, No. 4, is remarkable for the grace of its form and the beauty and elegance of its colors. The head and upper half of its body is a rich chestnut brown, the remainder is a bright golden yellow. The sergeant major, No. 5, is a dainty little fish with black and yellow stripes, while the surgeon, No. 6, is deep ultramarine blue. It gets its name from the lancelike prominence on either side of its tail. The squirrel, No. 8, is bright scarlet, and has a large eye. It is very common, and derives its name from a barking noise which resembles the bark of a squirrel. The trunk-fish, No. 9, is a bizarre animal, resembling a Brazil nut in shape. It moves about in a very solemn manner, always attracting an interested group of visitors to its tank. The grouper, No. 11, attains an enormous size and is used largely for food. The parrot, No. 12, is the most showy of all the fishes. The general color is brilliant green, but each scale is edged with a narrow band of chocolate brown, while bright red and yellow stripes and blotches suggest the brilliant plumage of the bird of the same name. A glance at the porcupine fish, No. 2, will account for the name under which he swims.

The Bermuda lobster, No. 10, is not a lobster, at least such as we are familiar with. It is more like the spiny lobster of the Pacific Ocean. It is highly ornamented with streaks and patches of bright colors. The octopus, No. 13, found in the Bermudas, is usually a small fellow, not at all dangerous. It goes under the name of "scuttle" among the fishermen. It lurks in holes along the shores and throws out a black ink when disturbed, under cover of which it "scuttles" away. These two kinds of animals have not lived well in the Aquarium owing to the difficulties of transportation, but all the others are in splendid condition.

The success attendant upon the efforts to transport and keep alive these beautiful fishes has proved so great that next year further effort will be made, under the auspices of the Biological Department of New York University, to bring to the city still more of the strange inhabitants of the waters of those fascinating islands. The other scientific results of the alumni expedition were valuable, and the collections will go to enrich the museum of the university. Among them is a large dome of the brain coral nearly four feet in diameter, the largest yet taken away from the Bermudas.

C. L. Bristol.

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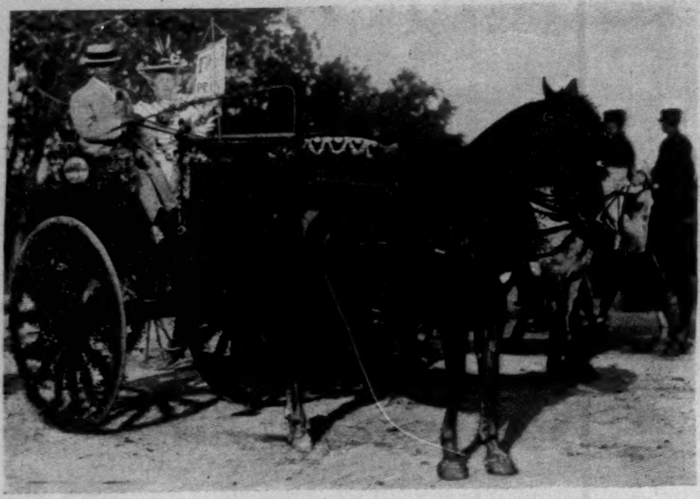
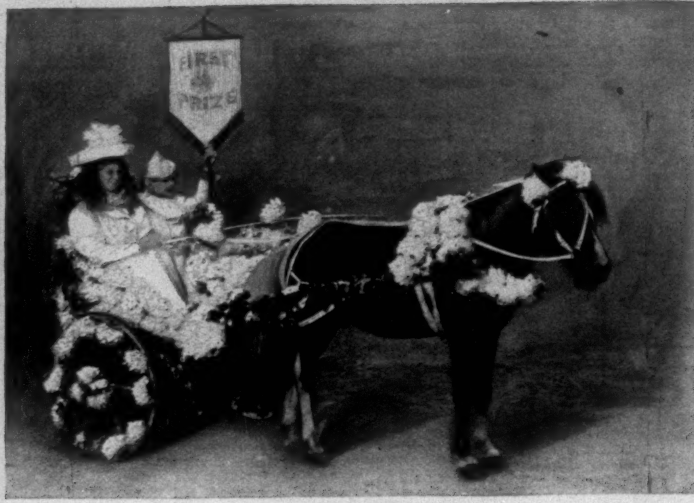
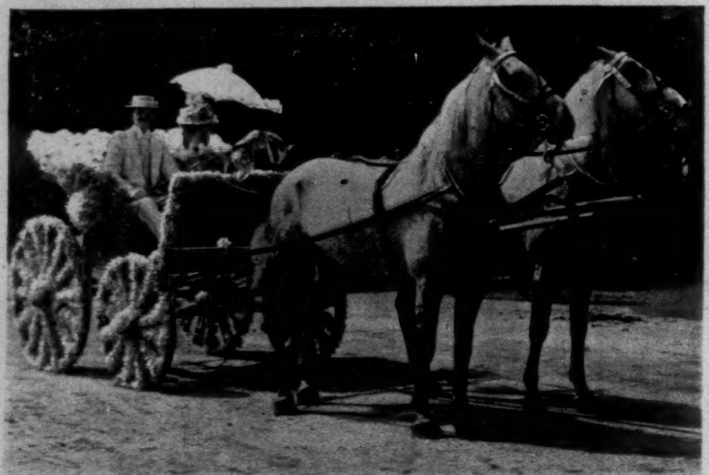


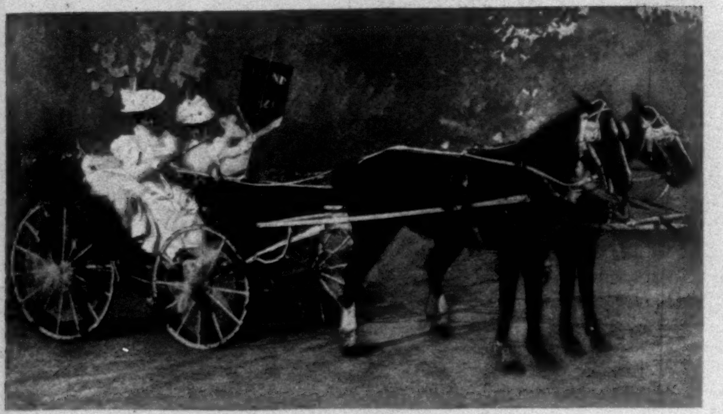
"ONE-HORSE TWO-WHEELER" DECORATED WITH RED DAHLIAS AND SMILAX.



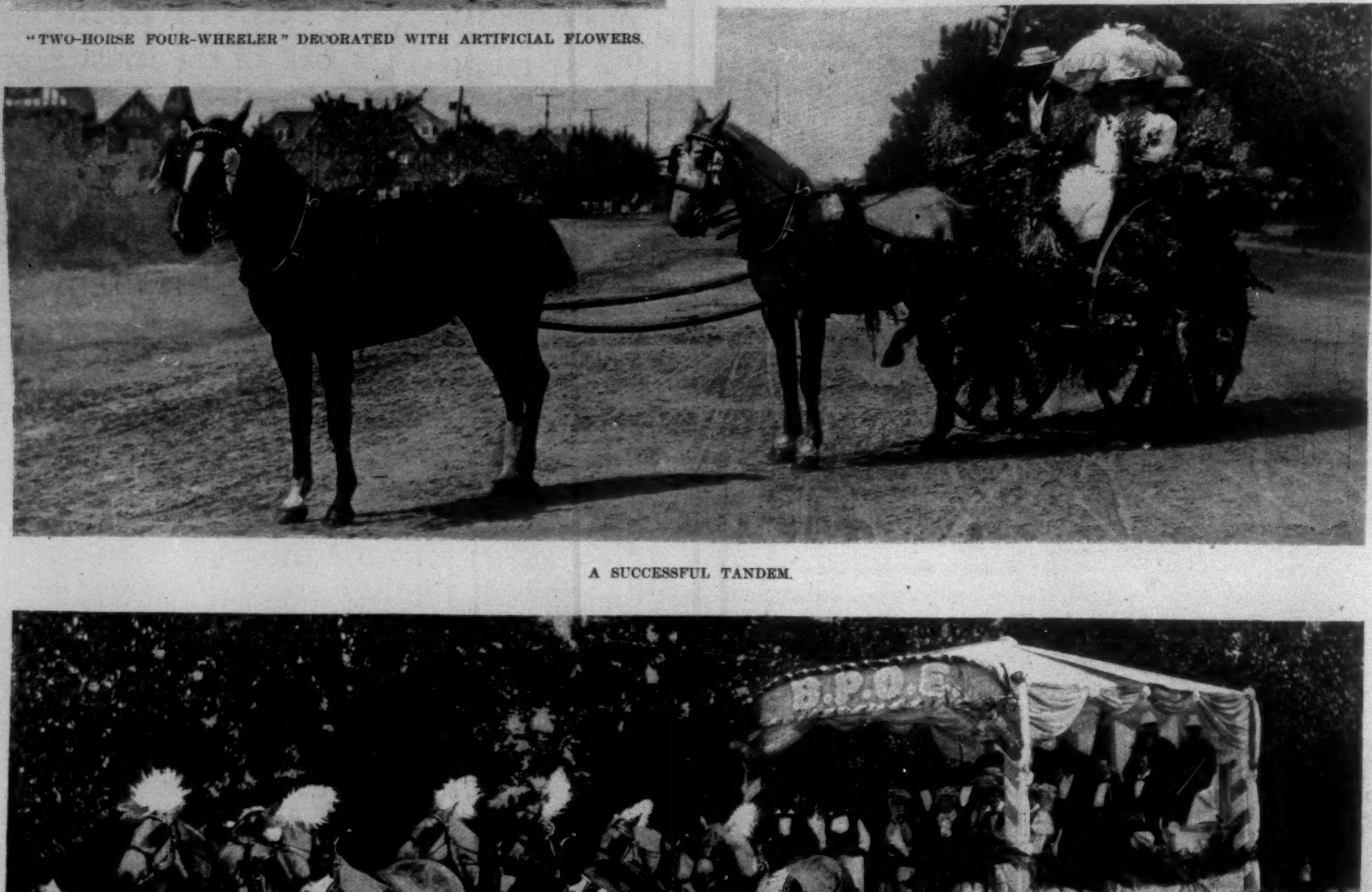
A PONY-CART PRIZE-WINNER.



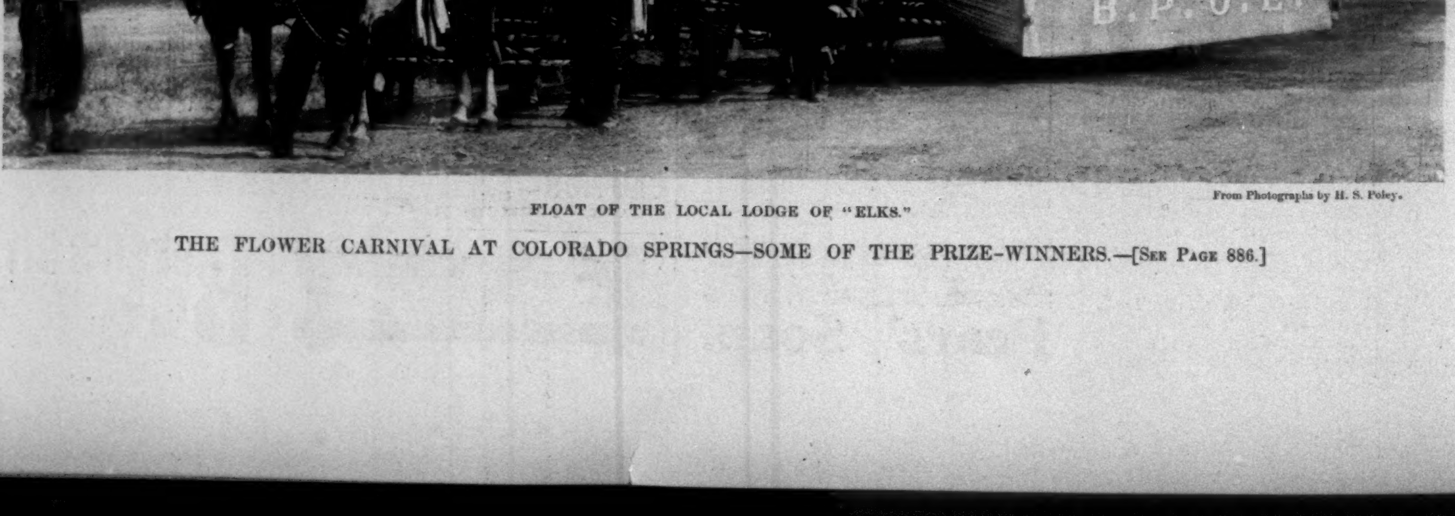
"TWO-HORSE FOUR-WHEELER" DECORATED WITH ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.



A LAVENDER AND WHITE PHAETON.



A SUCCESSFUL TANDEM.



FLOAT OF THE LOCAL LODGE OF "ELKS."

From Photographs by H. S. Poley.

THE FLOWER CARNIVAL AT COLORADO SPRINGS—SOME OF THE PRIZE-WINNERS.—[SEE PAGE 886.]

AMATEVR-SPORT

The reception given the national rowing regatta two weeks ago, after several successive seasons of indifferent achievement, must be accounted for by something more tangible than can be found in the elements of mere chance which influence the number of entries and the sport they provide from year to year. Nor, in speaking of this year's success, do I refer only to the actual racing. The annual championships of the N. A. A. O. have usually attracted representative entries and furnished some very good contests. But I write more especially of the regatta as an event, and this year it has received wider recognition, attracted entries of higher average quality, and developed more interesting racing than any previous one.

It seems to me the explanation is to be discovered in the environment of the '97 regatta, and that therewith is presented strong argument for the selection of the Schuylkill as a permanent course.

B. J. WEFERS—POSITION ON THE MARK.

100 Yards, 9 4-5 s. 220 Yards, 21 1-5 s.
120 " 11 2-5 s. 300 " 31 s.
440 Yards, 49 2-5 s.

Club rowing in the United States has for years led an uncertain and only half-satisfactory existence. But for the untiring efforts of Mr. Fortmeyer, the N. A. A. O. secretary, and a few others equally concerned in the interest of the sport, there is small doubt that national organization for annual racing would have resulted in little of consequence. There has been and is so much with which to contend—and the chief handicap is paucity of material. Schools having the facilities for and the inclination to take up rowing are really very few; the number of colleges that maintain crews is equally limited.

The number of college oarsmen annually graduated is comparatively small, it is true, and scattered, but they are enough to make an impression if they choose; and there are, besides, the many more undergraduates who have been candidates for or sat in their class boats.

The real reason for the indifference of college oarsmen to club rowing is their disinclination to join clubs whose crews are membered by oarsmen of non-collegiate training, and the total absence of active rowing clubs with any other than non-collegiate oarsmen. It may be asserted that the situation reflects no credit upon the sportsmanship of the college oarsmen—but the cause is not to be removed by rhetorical assault. The facts exist, and are human.

The support club rowing has received from these directions, in fact, amounts to literally nothing; and this is not because there have been no college oarsmen available to boat clubs, but because it so happens in this country, unlike in England, that college men have held aloof from rowing in club boats. Therefore boat clubs in the East, and in the majority of cases in the middle West, have been obliged to depend on oarsmen who have picked up their knowledge of rowing "on the river." It is creditable to this class of oarsmen and to the N.A.A.O. that there has been less scandal concerning the amateur status of individuals in rowing than in any other competitive sport to which clubs give their attention.

The only solution of the problem is the encouragement of rowing at schools, through their organization, and their recognition by clubs and the National Association. It has remained for Philadelphia to show the way. Last spring the Bachelor Club conceived the idea of a junior membership, recruited from certain worthy schools, which should pay no dues, and yet, under a coach, have the use of the club's boats. Other clubs quickly saw the possibilities of such a recruiting-field, and to-day the majority of the clubs on the Schuylkill at Philadelphia offer the splendid facilities of their handsome houses and the best of their boating equipments to any pupil of a certain number of schools. Such an opportunity created an active boating spirit among the Philadelphia schools, which in turn was reflected by organization into the Inter-scholastic Association, that held its first very successful regatta in June. The members, I believe, are Penn Charter, Manual Training, Central High, Roman Catholic High, Episcopal Academy, Germantown Academy, Eastburn Academy, and the Friends' Central School.

What the nourishment of rowing among these schools means to the sport's future, certainly at Philadelphia, may be easily imagined. Already schoolboy oarsmen are filling places in the regular club crews, and it requires no prophetic ability to foresee the day when they will be in the majority.

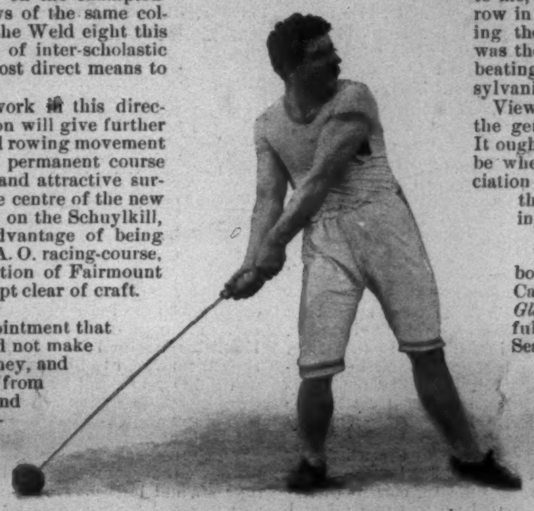
As this encouragement of inter-scholastic rowing will benefit club boating, so will it also lessen the task of college coaches, by furnishing crew candidates with at least a rudimentary knowledge of rowing.

University of Pennsylvania must view this inter-scholastic movement with deep satisfaction; it is certain to develop some material for its crews, just as the Cascadilla School does for Cornell.

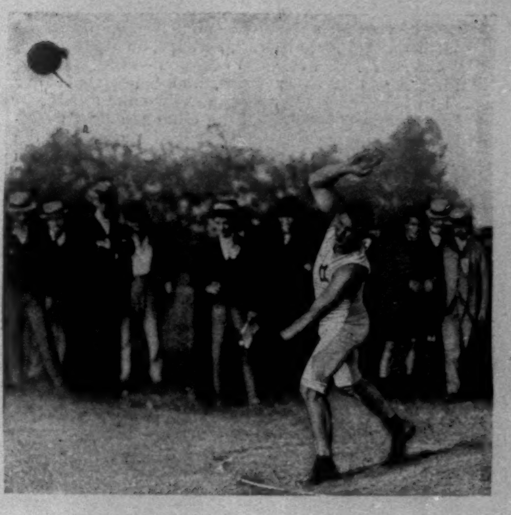
The first recipients, however, and the most needy ones, of this splendid and newly created interest will be the rowing-clubs of Philadelphia. Not that the Philadelphia clubs are more needy than those of New York or elsewhere. Indeed, they are greater in number and more active in interest than those of any other section in this country. But N. A. A. O. rowing requires new life—such life, in fact, as is now withheld, for the reasons already stated. There is no reason why the national regatta should not, in every event on the championship programme, have crews of the same collegiate timber as made up the Weld eight this year. The encouragement of inter-scholastic rowing is the surest and most direct means to such an accomplishment.

Following up its good work in this direction, the National Association will give further impetus to the little forward rowing movement now making by choosing a permanent course that is fair, has wholesome and attractive surroundings, and is nearest the centre of the new activity. Such a one is that on the Schuylkill, which has the additional advantage of being (for the length of the N. A. A. O. racing-course, 1½ miles) under the jurisdiction of Fairmount Park, and therefore easily kept clear of craft.

There was much disappointment that Ten Eyck and McDowell did not make good their entries, and yet they, and especially the former, fresh from his winning of the Diamond Sculls, would have been unwise to compete unless fit to row at top form. Ten Eyck claimed not to be, and, without other evidence to the contrary, we must accept his own estimate of his condition. The entries for the single-scull championship included Whitehead, Alward, Maguire, and Juvenal, champions respectively of America ('96), Canada, New England, and the Schuylkill Navy. Ryan, an ex-champion of America, also rowed. Maguire won easily—so easily as to excite our curiosity as to his possibilities. If Juvenal had worked harder he might have secured second from Whitehead; as it was, he got third. Institute and Ariel made a beautiful race in the senior fours, which the former won by about six feet. Ariel rowed in smoother form, but spurted too late, and Institute had too much strength to be caught in the last 100 yards.



JOHN FLANAGAN,
World's Record 16-Pound Hammer, 150 ft. 8 in.



R. EDGREN THROWING 56-POUND HAMMER.

The intermediate double sculls and intermediate four went to Vesper, and the senior doubles to Pennsylvania Barge Club; the Catlin Club was second in the double event, with a decided break in its stroke. Lewis won the intermediate singles from Greer, Scholze having capsized half-way, when leading. The Argonauts, after unsuccessful attempts in several other events, created a surprise by beating Ariel and Institute in the international four, and subsequently the same crew won also the pair-oared, as was expected of it.

What looked like the best crew (that of the New York A. C.) was run into by a pleasure-boat in one of the trial heats, and put out of the senior eights. Under the circumstances it would have been fair and sportsmanly, it seems to me, to have allowed the crew to row in the final. Of those remaining the Pennsylvania Barge crew was the best, and won easily, Weld beating out the University of Pennsylvania eight for second.

Viewing the regatta as a whole, the general rowing form was fair. It ought to be much better, and will be when the Inter-scholastic Association fills the places of some of those who learned their rowing "on the river."

The international small-boat trophy will remain in Canada, Mr. G. H. Duggan's *Glencairn II.* having successfully defended it against the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club's challenger *Momo.* Last year Mr. Duggan, correctly judging the prevailing airs of Oyster Bay, designed and challenged with a light-weather boat, *Glencairn I.*, and won the trophy so easily as to nearly rob the contest of interest. This year the Americans, in the fond belief that, light airs prevailing on Oyster Bay, they must also rule on Lake St. Louis, designed light-weather racers. The pick of these, *Momo*, was sent to race for the cup on Lake St. Louis, near Montreal, against Mr. Duggan's *Glencairn II.*, which had been chosen from a half-dozen Canadian prospective defenders. There was light weather the first day, and it was seen that Mr. C. H. Crane had accomplished his purpose of constructing a flier under such conditions, for *Momo* beat *Glencairn II.* on every point of sailing, and crossed the line first by 4 m. 15 s. But that was the end of light weather on Lake St. Louis, and the last evidence of *Momo's* superiority.

M. W. LONG.

W. B. ROGERS.

H. E. MANVEL.

A. C. KRAENZLEIN.	J. R. RICHARDS.	JAMES H. MAYBURY.	A. J. TOWNSEND.	J. H. RUSH.
220-Yard Hurdles, 25 3-5 s.	120-Yard Hurdles, 15 4-5 s.	100 Yards, 9 4-5 s.	300 Yards, 31 2-5 s.	220 Yards, 21 4-5 s.
300 " " 36 3-5 s.		120 " 11 4-5 s.	440 " 50 s.	440 " 50 2-5 s.
		150 " 14 2-5 s.	600 " 1 m. 11 3-5 s.	
		220 " 21 2-5 s.		

These figures are for Western performances.

THE CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION'S POINT-WINNERS IN THE NATIONAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

On the second day there were strong winds and roughish water, and so also were the conditions on the third and fourth days (a little lighter, perhaps, on the fourth), and *Glencairn II.* won on each occasion—three straight, out-sailing *Momo* at every point, and being the better handled by her owner, Mr. Duggan. Two and a half and over four minutes represented the Canadian boat's margin of victory in the second and third races. In the fourth, occasional lighter airs and *Glencairn II.'s* torn mainsail enabled *Momo* to keep closer to her rival, and only 2¼ m. separated them at the finish.

The chief lesson of this year's match teaches that America profited not by the lesson of last year.

Glencairn II. is an enlarged *Glencairn I.*, and *Momo* an enlarged *El Heirie.* It is not at all unlikely that had lightish weather prevailed *Glencairn II.* with her greater amount of canvas would have won the '97 series.

Thus for the second time Canada, in the person of Mr. Duggan, has out-designed, out-sailed, and out-handled American small-boat designers and sailor-men.

A well-established superiority surely, and one we must seek to overcome.

IT CANNOT BE SAID THAT LARNED'S DEFEAT by Nisbet, in the national lawn-tennis championship tournament last week, was really a surprise. Larned's failure at Newport, after a season of brilliant achievement, is too old a story to astonish. Such has been the ending of his year since 1892. During that period his name appears four times—in '92, '94, '95, '96—as the "runner-up" in the United States championship. F. H. Hovey beat him in '92 and '95, M. F. Goodbody in '94, and R. D. Wrenn in '96. In '93 Clarence Hobart defeated him in the semi-finals; and this year he attained the same round, only to succumb when as usual he was popularly accredited with victory. There is consistency in this record, even though it be not pleasing to Larned or to those who admire his brilliant if erratic play.

In his play up to the Newport tournament this year there was every indication that added experience and age had at last given to Larned's game that steadiness it so sorely needed. He had beaten Mahony, Nisbet, and R. D. Wrenn at Longwood; Mahony, Eaves, and Nisbet at Hoboken, and the same men again at Chicago. His only defeat of the year previous to Newport, in fact, had been by R. D. Wrenn at Chicago. Considering, therefore, that he had met Nisbet three times, and beaten him on every occasion—once in two sets out of three, and twice three sets to one—Larned's familiarity with the Englishman's game, and confidence in his own ability to successfully cope with it, might have been expected to provide the requisite steadying influence at Newport. The confidence, however, did not last long enough. It continued through the first and second sets, and up to the end of the third set, when it deserted, and Larned missed the chance that would have given him victory instead of defeat. Twice at the end of that third set Larned was within one point of the set and match: once he returned the ball into the net, and the second time he drove it out of court. Thereafter, except at intervals, he did not approach the game of which he is capable.

NEITHER MAN PLAYED GOOD TENNIS on the opening of the first set, each earning his points by the other's faults rather than by his own clean work. But the second set showed an improvement, especially on Larned's part, who was driving accurately and brilliantly in that free, open style characteristic of his best game. Nisbet, however, except for his service, which had great pace, was not showing the skilful placing he revealed later. He made a couple of aces on service, and managed to win only two games before Larned finally took the set.

Nisbet was playing a stronger game in the third set, driving down the side lines, or lobbing over Larned, when the latter came up to the net, into the far corners of the court. He led until Larned pulled up to three all and then 4–3; but the next game Nisbet won by a beautiful backhand drive and placing from the net, to which he ran always on his service. The ninth game Larned won without an earned point, Nisbet returning into the net, and the score stood 5–4 in Larned's favor. With the score 40–30 in Larned's favor on the next game, Nisbet made double faults, although but one was called; the next ball Larned returned into the net, and it was deuce. Another play, and vantage was called in Larned's favor, and for the second time he was within a stroke of victory. This time he returned the ball out of court, and the score stood five all. Larned had one more chance—when the score stood 6–5 in his favor, Nisbet's service—but that was his last vantage game in the set, which the Englishman finally won, 9–7.

NISBET'S GAME HAD BEEN GETTING HARDER at the end of the third set, and he began the fourth set at increased pace. In fact, as the match progressed the Englishman's play grew stronger and more accurate. His forehand drives were the best ever seen at Newport, and he kept returning on Larned's backhand in order to lessen the hard forehand cross-court drives of the American. This and his service won Nisbet his victory. Larned appeared to make a great effort in the fourth set, but could not strike his gait. There was no ginger in his play, and only occasionally did he make one of those famous and deadly cross-court drives. He was being outgeneralled and outplayed, and he appeared to realize it. Nisbet ran the score up to 5–2, and then by a desperate effort Larned won two games, but it only delayed the decision, for Nisbet took the next, and the score stood two sets all.

LARNED WAS OBVIOUSLY DISCOURAGED in the fifth set, and, what was even more disastrous to his game, evidently fearful of defeat. He took the first game, and made a good fight for the second, but thereafter lost his direction, putting ball after ball either into the net or out of court, so that at the end of the seventh game Nisbet had the score 5–2. By another desperate effort Larned pulled himself together and won the next two games, and the score read 5–4 in favor of Nisbet, with American hopes rising. The tenth and last game Nisbet ran quickly to 30–0, which Larned, by a momentary return to normal form, deuced. Twice Nisbet had the vantage before he finally won the game and match (3–6, 2–6, 9–7, 6–4, 6–4) by a neatly placed ball just over the net, a stroke with which he had fooled Larned several times.

Although Larned by no means played his game in the last three sets, yet the fact remains that Nisbet revealed superb tennis. He was not at his best in the first two sets, but in the last three he had never played better. His service was very severe, and puzzled Larned considerably; his forehand drives have not been equalled in this country, and his head-work was superior to his opponent's. Four wretched line decisions marked the match, one against Larned (and a costly one, since it would have given him the third set) and three against Nisbet.

Except in the championship match, poor line decisions were an unpleasant feature of the tournament.

The detailed score presents the curious feature of the loser credited with more games and points than the winner. Nisbet won 3 sets to 2, 26 games to 27. Nisbet won on placed balls, 68; aces on service, 9; on opponent's outs, 46; on opponent's nets, 53; on opponent's double faults, 3—total, 179 points. Larned won on placed balls, 69; aces on service, 4; on opponent's outs, 52; on opponent's nets, 58; on opponent's double faults, 2—total, 185.

THE MATCH FOR THE UNITED STATES CHAMPIONSHIP brought together in R. D. Wrenn, holder, and W. V. Eaves (who had beaten Nisbet), challenger, two men whose games are very much alike. The Englishman is more certain on the backhand, and employs the half-volley and the underhand volley more frequently and to much better advantage than Wrenn, or, indeed, any American; for we use the half-volley seldom, and the underhand even less. But in every other respect Eaves and Wrenn were well matched. Perhaps Eaves might be said to have slightly better command of the ball, but, if so, Wrenn more than made up for it by superior generalship and by more skilful work at the net. Wrenn, in fact, rushed to the net continuously, and remained there except when Eaves, by excellent lobbing, drove him into the back court. The Englishman, on the other hand, maintained a position at the service-line for a greater part of the time, and was therefore in a particularly advantageous place to insure him against the lobbing game which Wrenn usually relies on to some considerable extent. Eaves passed him frequently, but Wrenn resolutely held his position, knowing that success depended on his staying where he could the better handle the Englishman's returns, and be more certain of making his own returns inside his opponent's court.

WRENN SCORED MORE PLACED BALLS than his opponent in two sets only, the second and third; in all the others he won by deadly smashing from the net and by getting the ball back into the Englishman's court, and relying upon the latter returning it into the net or out of court. How well Wrenn knew his man and played to defeat his game may be gathered from the following detailed score:

	Passes.	Outs.	Nets.
Set 1.—Wrenn	7	11	7
Eaves	12	13	7
Set 2.—Wrenn	21	13	9
Eaves	20	21	8
Set 3.—Wrenn	18	10	7
Eaves	10	10	7
Set 4.—Wrenn	7	11	8
Eaves	12	7	4
Set 5.—Wrenn	7	2	5
Eaves	16	10	16

Up to the last set Eaves had himself well in hand, and played invariably a very heady game, keeping Wrenn running from one side to the other of his court, by lobbing and driving into the far corners, until he saw an opening, and then taking swift advantage of it. That was the way the Englishman scored the majority of his points. But all the time Wrenn held to his game and to his position at the net and to his nerve, and by the cleverest of volleying, by returning balls apparently impossible to reach, and by superior and aggressive generalship, he kept the championship title at home—4–6, 8–6, 6–3, 2–6, 6–2.

THE FIRST SET OPENED with Wrenn somewhat weak in his play, and Eaves soon had him 4–2. Wrenn made it four all, and later had a chance to make it five all, but was unequal to it, and lost the set, Eaves playing very steadily.

Eaves again took the lead in the second set at 4–2, and with games alternating, soon had the score 5–3 in his favor. Wrenn had been getting into his pace, and now began that play which so often has given him victory when defeat seemed imminent. Winning three straight games, he had the score 6–5, which Eaves evened at six all. Two games—one at love—in quick succession gave Wrenn the set.

In the third set Wrenn not only outgeneralled Eaves, but completely outplayed him; but in the fourth Eaves returned the compliment, Wrenn, apparently tired from his efforts in the preceding set, getting only two games, and the score being tied at two sets all. Up to the fifth game in the fifth set Eaves played strongly, taking the first and third games, and making a good though unrewarded struggle for the fourth. Thereafter he repeatedly drove balls out of court, and Wrenn placing all around him, shortly ran up the score to 5–2. Eaves made a stand for the final game, but Wrenn's work at the net was too good, and the second Englishman to have challenged for the United States championship had finished his effort and been defeated by the same American who, two years before, had successfully defended the title against M. F. Goodbody.

Wrenn won 3 sets to 2, 26 games to 23, 165 to 158 points. Wrenn made 60 passes, 47 outs, 36 nets, and 5 double faults. Eaves made 70 passes, 61 outs, 42 nets, and 2 double faults.

Wrenn fairly earned his victory by superior volleying, generalship, and a game which, except in the fourth set, was at all times faster than Eaves could maintain. Generally speaking, Wrenn was as steady as his cool-playing opponent, and at critical moments was the steadier.

The only regrettable feature of the match was the noisy and partisan demonstration of the spectators. Naturally Wrenn's victory was desired, and naturally, too, the strain through the exciting five sets, with so much at stake, was intense; but it is deplorable that American enthusiasm ran so high as to betray a minority of the on-lookers into applauding the Englishman's errors. There was no such display of unsportsmanlike partisanship two years ago, when Wrenn and that other Englishman, Goodbody, played for the American championship, nor have I ever seen a similar exhibition anywhere in the country.

The only solace American sportsmen may derive from the *contretemps* is found in the probability that the contributors to the unseemly exhibition were the very young and hysterical among the spectators.

THIS MATCH CLOSED THE TOUR of the visiting Englishmen, whose records in the four tournaments—Longwood, Hoboken, Chicago, and Newport—provide thoroughly satisfying evidence of improvement in first-class American lawn-tennis.

	Wrenn.	Eaves.	Nisbet.	Larned.	Mahony.	Won.
Wrenn		2	1		2	5
Eaves	1					1
Nisbet	1			1		2
Larned		2	3		3	8
Mahony	0			0		0
Matches lost	2	4	4	1	5	

This record does not take into account the progress of the Englishmen through the Newport tournament, in which they met and defeated players of the lower classes, although it should be noted that Mahony was beaten by Whitman in the second round.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS on Saturday last at Manhattan Field furnished the good sport that had been promised. No records were broken save in discus-throwing, although the performances in every event were high class, and in some of them notable. But the feature of the day was the long-wished-for meeting of Wefers and Maybury in the sprints. It may be said in few words that Maybury will never see the day on which he can defeat Wefers if the latter is fit, and it may also be added that Wefers proved on Saturday that he is as strong and as fast as ever he was, despite his ailments of the early summer.

In the 100 yards, Wefers, Rush, and Maybury ran even for quarter of the distance, when Wefers forged ahead, taking Rush with him, and half-way was leading by perhaps one and a half yards. In the last 50 yards Maybury increased his effort, and caught Rush just on the tape, Wefers winning by a yard in 9⅘ s. The running of Rush was surprisingly good, and the race showed that while neither of the Westerners is so fast as Wefers, they are both well within even time.

The 220 flat, more than the 100, revealed Wefers's superiority. From fifty yards to the tape there was never a question of his winning. He drew gradually away from Maybury, and finished first by a good four yards in 21⅖ s. only ⅕ s. slower than his own world's record.

Maybury beat Ehrich by about the same distance, and Hoffman was some five yards behind Ehrich. Rush did not start. Maybury is a clean-moving, strong sprinter, but, running alongside of Wefers, he emphasizes the latter's consummate ease and grace of going. Rush lacks the form of Maybury, but evidently has the speed. The discrepancy between reported Western performances of Maybury and Rush and their work on Saturday may undoubtedly be attributed to Western timing. Neither man ever ran faster or on a better track than at Manhattan Field.

THE 120-YARD HURDLES provided an exciting race between Richards (the Western champion) and Thompson—Rogers not starting, because of a weak ankle. Richards had a short lead at the first hurdle, but at the third Thompson was even, and thus they raced all the way to the last hurdle, where Thompson led by the width of his body, and won by a scant yard in 16 s. Chase being third. Kraenzlein won the 220 hurdles from Buck by four yards in 25 s., but a more determined finisher would have lessened the lead by half. Chase was third and Bastian fourth. Kraenzlein is an awkward performer, and appears to owe his success at this game to length of leg and considerable natural speed.

The quarter developed another sterling performance by a Western athlete. Chief interest in the race was centred upon Burke, the champion, and Long, the schoolboy who has been doing so well at this distance. The path is straightaway for 200 yards, and Burke led, with Long, Stephens, Rush, and Townsend following. At the first turn Rush failed in his effort to pass Long, and the procession sped on. Fifty yards from the tape Long made his effort, but could not overtake Burke, who finished first in 49 s. by two yards, and Townsend, who had almost reached Long's shoulder, fell prone across the line, a winner of second over Long, who staggered across a few inches behind. Had Townsend kept his feet, Long would have beaten him. The A. A. U.'s revised rule declares as winner the man who gets any part of his body first over the line.

MANVEL ACHIEVED HIS DEAREST WISH in the 880 yards by beating Turner, but lost first to Cregan, who came with a strong burst in the last 100 yards, and won in 1 m. 58⅘ s. by three yards; Power third, five yards back; Manvel ran strong and finished in good shape. He will beat Cregan at this distance eventually. Cregan made another high-class performance later, evening scores with Orton by running him to a stand-still, and winning the mile from Brodie (Canadian) in 4 m. 27⅘ s. R. Grant, another Canadian, third.

Fetterman started in to walk S. Liebgold off his feet, but was not equal to the task, and was virtually out of the race at half-way, S. Liebgold winning in 6 m. 44⅘ s., with Fetterman second by forty yards. Baxter, Carroll, and Leslie had the high jump to themselves, and won in the order named, the first doing 6 ft. 2¼ in. Gray did not compete, and for the first time in years we have another A. A. U. champion in Charles Henneman, of the C. A. A., who did 42 ft. 7¾ in. Henneman also developed a winner in the discus-throwing, making a new record of 118 ft. 9 in., and took second in the 56-lb. weight to Mitchell's first of 32 ft. 2 in. Flanagan won the hammer at 148 ft. 5 in., and made a foul throw of 152 ft. 2¼ in. Chadwick did 141 ft. 8 in.; and Mitchell, the erstwhile champion, was third with 134 ft. 4 in. Edgren did 134 ft. 4 in., not up to his best, although he made a foul throw of 142 ft.

The absence of Clark and Rogers, and failure of Prinstein to equal his recent work, gave Bloss the running broad jump at 21 ft. 10¼ in. The management was not very energetic, and the games, with many unnecessary and wearisome halts, dragged tediously over four hours. Then, too, the wail of the peanut and lager-beer vender, which sounded through the grand stand, showed how club track athletics has lost caste. New York A. C. scored 74 points; Chicago A. A., 34; Pastime A. C., 14; Knickerbocker A. C., 12; New Jersey A. C., 8; Montreal A. A., 3.

Tabulated summary of the Seventeenth Annual Championship of the United States National Lawn-Tennis Association deferred to next week.

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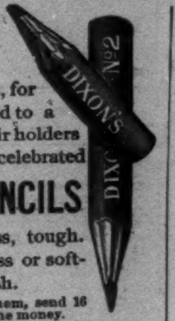

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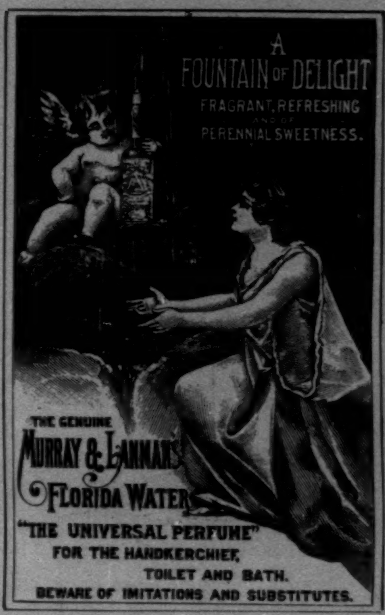
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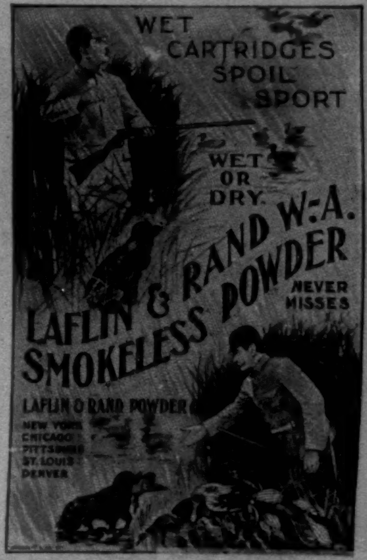
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